SPOTLIGHT ON RECONVERSION

By MARCEL SCHERER and HAROLD SIMON

NEW MASSES

July 11, 1944 15¢ In Canada 20¢

DEWEY AND BRICKER:

ONE-WAY TICKET TO CHAOS

A first-hand report and analysis from Chicago.

Hooverism versus a Free America.

By A. B. Magil

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE enemy's taken a trimming on the military front—nobody's missing odds on that—but what goes on here at home isn't altogether cheer-raising. The other night, searching the radio dial for fresh news of the invasion, we heard Gretchen, a little Nazi soothe-sister, broadcast over Berlin short-wave to the mothers of America, telling them suave stories of their wounded sons resting comfortably in beautiful, well-furnished German hospitals. Gretchen, of course, turned out to be a shill for sledge-hammer Hans, who followed her. Don't buy war bonds, he urged the American people. You're only being coaxed to bolster Bolshevism. We're your only hope—we stand between you and the Red devils. Roosevelt opened the second front, backed by Stalin and the Jews—they and only they support it. Which insidiously infers, that's why your sons are wounded, dead, and enemy prisoners, you see.

It was interesting coincidence that at approximately the same time Clare Booth Luce was letting go at the Republican convention in Chicago. Mind you, Mrs. Luce is nobody's come-on. Donning a little gingham number—rhetorically, of course—she appealed to the mothers of America. It was GI Jim for whom she spoke, with a catch in her voice, this petite barefoot girl from Rockefeller Center. Mrs. Luce apparently has concluded the women of America are not what she once thought women were—when she was the ultra-sophisticated author of her most famous play. Put together, her sentences mixed the most demagogic dose dished out last week. Taking her cue from the Gerald Smith-inspired "Mothers of America," she turned her circean charms on GI Jim, and went on to attack that government of theirs which had made such "awful mistakes." She told the women of America that "Jim has taken the rap for everyone, from the man in the White House down to the man around the corner." You see, it's their fault—meaning the Commander-in-Chief and the man who helped elect him—that your sons are being sacrificed today on the beachheads of France.

People on the whole of course won't fall for such stuff. But Gretchen and Clare have their followers—don't forget it. These very satellites should be a daily reminder—as inexorable as the grocery list—that Roosevelt's reelection is not inevitable. He can win and he will—if there is no slowing down of energy or effort. But it's a big "if," let's not be fooled about that. It means no stopping, heat or whatever, in these next few months. More important, which we don't have to tell you, is that it means no complacency. Confidence, yes, but no resting on it. There's a lot of work to do.

REMINDER to all of you—the Art Young Memorial Awards. A few weeks ago, in the last literary number, we announced a series of prizes for cartoons, short stories, poems, and non-fiction (critical writing). We've had lots of entries and we want more. A $100-prize is offered for the best work (in the judges' opinion) in each of these fields. The deadline for cartoons and drawings is August 10—the others will be announced later. Important point being that all entries in all fields are considered from the day we receive them. If your entry is published in the magazine prior to the announcement of the award, that doesn't mean it's not eligible. We will publish, or republish as the case may be, the winner in each section, in succeeding literary numbers.

And to make an old policy more clear, NM's pages are open to fiction, poetry, and critical writing in its week-to-week issues. We seek to keep abreast of what creative writers are doing—this is their magazine, too, and they should feel that it is. Remember that in addition to what's going on in the political front, NM has a traditional responsibility on which it has long prided itself—to reflect developments in all fields of literature and art. It can continue to do so, if the people in those fields will join in.

A COUPLE of weeks ago we said there would be no more financial drive in the pages of the magazine this year. But it's good to know that you remember what we're trying to do and help us do it without our asking. Two letters which came in recently made us appreciate this more. One was from a wounded vet at the Naval Dispensary, Submarine Base, New London, Conn. He said, "Here's my dollar. I'd been feeling a bit sorry for myself until I read Virginia Gardner's article about the guys in Walter Reed Hospital, in the June 20 NM. Wish now I could make this much more."

And another, from Olympia, Washington, on the D-Day issue "Road to Berlin": "I have just read these first four pages of NM—this prose-poetry word picture of the greatest battlefront the world has ever known. . . . How does a man feel who can know these things, tell them so nobly, and then not sign his name?"

Answer to our Washington reader: The first four pages of the D-Day issue were not written by one man. They were done collectively, each taking a section, by Joseph North, A. B. Magil, John Stuart, and Fred Field. They were done in the way this magazine functions—not as one man's baby but as a project which continues only so long as both readers and editors work for it jointly. We know that you will continue to work for it—fund drive or no, the year through. On that depends its survival.

M. DEA.

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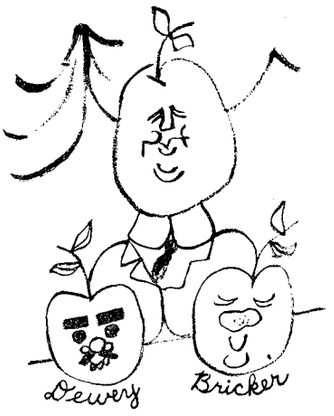

Still doing business at the same old apple stand.

ONE WAY TICKET TO CHAOS

By A. B. MAGIL

THE mountain labored and brought forth Dewey. The earth did not shake nor did men's pulses quicken. This was a convention without passion, without vision, without greatness. It was a convention dominated by the mean, the mediocre, the vengeful. And it found its perfect image in Thomas E. Dewey.

The paradox of the Chicago convention is that the most unpopular person there was this man Dewey. Every delegate and every newspaperman knew it. The evening before the convention opened I attended a meeting at the Stevens Hotel at which delegates and visitors were regaled with speeches by the ineffable Harrison Spangler, retiring chairman of the Republican National Committee, Rep. Joe Martin, the convention's permanent chairman, and that friend in need of the poor seditionist, Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Voelkischer Beobachter* (*Tribune* for short). For dessert there was served up the reactionary radio commentator, Fulton Lewis, Jr. "This convention is remarkably free of bickering," Lewis told the crowd. "This is the first convention I've ever attended that someone hasn't started a movement to stop someone else." A chorus of "Stop Dewey" from the audience almost drowned out Lewis' words.

The contrast between the feeling for Dewey and for Bricker was so marked that it might have proved embarrassing for the New York governor's managers had the nomination been at all in doubt. When Dewey's name was placed in nomination, the demonstration in his behalf was decidedly on the temperate side. But when immediately thereafter Bricker was introduced to make the speech in which he bowed himself out, the crowd really cut loose. The Bricker personality is considerably short of magnetic. An orator of the windjammer school, he is an undistinguished, unimaginative reactionary who has won the accolades of assorted defeatists and fascists, including Colonel McCormick, William Randolph Hearst, and the anti-Semitic, anti-war We the Mothers Mobilize for America, Inc. But the submerged resentment at the Dewey tactics and the desire of the rank and file delegates for something that bore the semblance of a contest rather than a ready-made prescription, found in Bricker the only available symbol. He at least had sweated and fought for the nomination, had not hid behind the pretense of not being a candidate while all the time carefully setting the traps in which the nomination was caught even before the convention opened.

I don't mean to suggest that Dewey was not the choice of the majority of the delegates or of the Republican voters. But it was a choice of the mind, not the heart, a choice dictated by expediency and well organized pressure. And the Dewey supporters lacked that gleam in the eye which was so evident in the Willkie partisans four years ago. In a world in which Cherbourg falls to American troops, in which the Russians open the greatest of all military offensives, and American ships and men are hunting down the Japanese, it is difficult to become passionate about a talent for administration. And Dewey's whole career is so synthetic, his every move so carefully stage-managed, his very manner of delivering a speech so studied and calculated that he does not inspire enthusiasm even among his votaries.

AT THE Dewey headquarters all was restrained, including the photo of the candidate gazing from the posters. Not even the professional glamor girls, whom the Dewey managers tried to pass off as volunteer workers, could lend glamor to this candidacy. The Bricker campaign, on the other hand, was lush and expansive. Large buttons with the slogan B-A Bricker Backer—a slogan which has to be said slowly if at all—hit you in the eye from lapels and blouses in the stadium and in Chicago's two leading hotels, the Stevens and the Blackstone. Loyal home folks wandered in and out of the Bricker headquarters in the Stevens grand ballroom whose walls were adorned with photos of the statesman in various poses: fishing, standing with Mrs. Bricker on the steps of a railroad coach, standing with his hands in his pockets in front of his home, sitting in the family circle—his face uniformly grim and determined. Bricker was the only candidate who had a special press room where reporters were presented with portfolios containing a $2 biography of the Ohio governor and much other material

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proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was the answer to America's prayer. Who paid for it all is anybody's guess. And after exhorting his followers on Tuesday to fight on to the bitter end, Bricker settled on Wednesday morning for *second* choice for second place on the ticket.

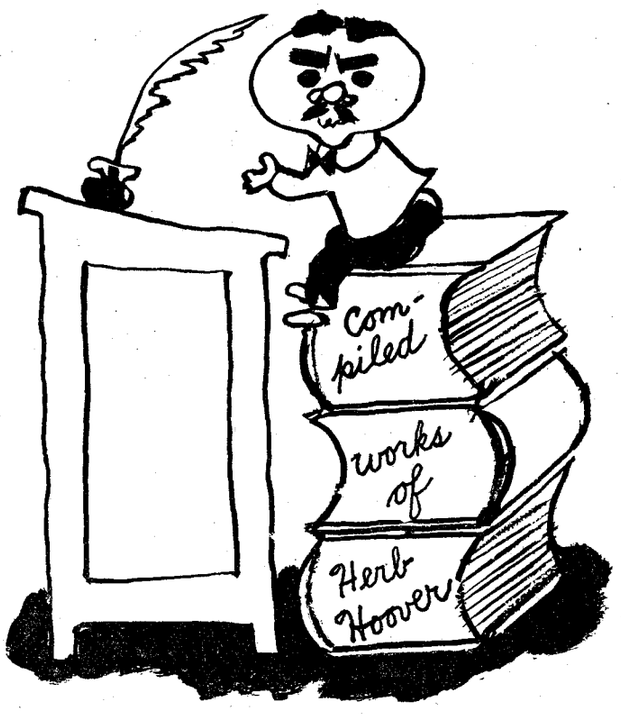
With the sessions reduced to ritual and no real contest for the nomination, the GOP bosses were hard put to it to prevent the convention from sliding into the doldrums. Not even the tropical weather can account entirely for the vast apathy that settled over the convention from the moment it opened. As someone remarked, even the speeches had been delivered in advance by Zero Mostel. It is true that major party conventions are highly routinized affairs; business is transacted and deals are made in hotel rooms, while the sessions proper are largely ceremonious. But the limp quality of this Republican convention was something that went deep into the marrow. Perhaps it was this, hardly an auspicious beginning for a great crusade to save America from That Man, which caused Governor Warren of California, who had been pursuing the Dewey technique in not pursuing the Vice Presidential nomination, to back out at the eleventh hour with a statement that some literal-minded people interpreted as a direct crack at the Albany Sphinx for breaking his commitments to the people of his own state.

No doubt it was with the thought of giving the convention a lift that the Republican high command, searching around for some ersatz elan, hit on the idea of having their political sweater girl, Clare Boothe Luce, perform. And in all fairness let me say, as one who had the opportunity of observing the Lucean charms from a distance of approximately one yard, that the newspaper photos of her are only a pale facsimile of the original. Though my own taste runs to a beauty less cold and lacquered, I can be sufficiently objective to grant that the Connecticut congresswoman is an impressive specimen of American pulchritude.

For her great moment Mrs. Luce wore a new political coiffure—something which, curiously enough, John (Iron Cross) O'Donnell had forecast three days before the convention in his column in the pro-fascist New York *Daily News:* "According to reports, it will be the tongue of another shrewd woman, Rep. Clare Boothe Luce, who will lead the assault on FDR's foreign policy when the convention gets under way. La Luce's thirty-minute speech has already been written and, if delivered in its present form, will denounce Roosevelt's foreign policy and his adventures in diplomacy before and after our entrance into the war, in far stronger terms than that of any of her male associates."

DOROTHY THOMPSON has so well expressed the feeling of revulsion that came over all decent people, including the hardened members of the press, at hearing Mrs. Luce's speech that little more need be said. It was an indecent exhibition, unspeakably corrupt. This "woman with the serpent's tongue," who, unlike her English counterpart, is both fair and moderately young, chose the very moment when American boys were dying in the supreme crisis of our country's history to stage a corpse-waving spectacle, to play on the ugliest prejudices and cater to the vilest of the fifth-column groups. Perhaps there is a legal distinction between that speech and the propaganda for which twenty-nine men and women are now being tried as Hitler agents, but when Mrs. Luce, presuming to speak in the name of the American soldiers fallen in this war, accuses President Roosevelt of being responsible for the death of these men, of deceiving their parents and dragging this country into war, she is politically and morally on all fours with the Kunzes and Pelleys and Dillings. And neither Dewey nor the Republican leadership can escape the taint of her words.

Let us consider the convention itself and the platform it adopted. In an editorial in its June 21 issue the Republican New York *Herald Tribune,* a win-the-war newspaper which on the whole supports the administration's foreign policy, wrote: "The plain fact is that unless the Republican Party faces the problems of the present frankly and courageously and nominates a candidate with the mind and skill to make the party's principles effective, it cannot possibly win next November, and it will richly deserve defeat. We happen to believe just as strongly that if it rejects the advice of the trimmers and chooses a candidate for his positive qualities of known



"I did not seek this office."

The new Mannerheim line.

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convictions and demonstrated capacity, it ought to win and will win."

On June 28 the *Herald Tribune* admitted that the platform was disappointing, that "the pussyfooters and the weaselers have compromised the vigor of its [the party's] declarations and their presence has cast doubt upon its ability to live up to its promises." As for the candidate, this newspaper had earlier on June 25 described Dewey as an admirable administrator, but could not say more for his "known convictions" on foreign and domestic questions than express the hope that he "will proceed with his definitions." Yet this newspaper, placing partisanship above country, now finds that the Republican Party and its Presidential ticket richly deserve victory.

The fact is that the issue between the progressive win-the-war forces and the defeatists in the Republican Party was not joined at this convention. It had been partly joined earlier, during the pre-convention contest for the nomination, and had ended in defeat for the insurgent progressives with the retirement of Wendell Willkie. The core of what happened at Chicago will not be grasped unless it is borne in mind that at this convention not only was the titular leader of the party excluded from all participation—an unprecedented thing—because he had also dared to become the leader of those millions of Republicans who want uncompromising victory and genuine international collaboration for peace, but he was actually an outcast, his name hooted (as I heard it hooted at one meeting), while the enemies of all he stood for were in unchallenged control. And the men who would not invite Willkie to speak did invite Colonel McCormick to address a gathering on the eve of the convention. Though the *Herald Tribune* tried to kid itself and the public into believing that the "new progressive governors" were in the ascendant, they were actually so completely frozen out of the inner councils that they had to send a special delegation to the drafting committee in an effort to wheedle a few changes in the platform. They won no concessions on foreign policy and only three minor ones on domestic questions. Incidentally, some of these governors are quite reactionary themselves, though they include a sprinkling of men like Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Baldwin of Connecticut and Sewall of Maine, who share the Willkie outlook.

THE Old Guard held in the hollow of its hand all the committees where the real work of the convention was done. Presiding over the all-powerful resolutions committee, which appointed most of the other committees, was Sen. Robert A. Taft. For a non-partisan evaluation of the Ohio senator I turn to a Republican newspaper in the days before the election heat was on. In an editorial on Oct. 6, 1943, the *Herald Tribune* wrote that "anything emanating from Senator Taft having to do with the prosecution of the war should be suspect . . . long ago he adopted the role of obstructionist from which he shows no intention of deviating."

I watched Senator Taft, who wore the smallest Bricker button at the convention, as he smiled indulgently on Van Bittner, representative of the CIO, during a brief session of the resolutions committee. Taft almost purred with politeness, but he knew that he and his committee were merely going through the motions and that the CIO statement would not alter one comma in the platform. And he knew too that the labor plank had already been written under the aegis of America Firster William Hutcheson, czar of the AFL Carpenters' Union, with the ex-officio assistance of K. C. Adams, editor of John L. Lewis' *United Mine Workers Journal*. The convention atmosphere evidently went to the oxlike Hutcheson's head and he announced his candidacy for the number two spot on the ticket. Perhaps one ought to be grateful to him for inadvertently offering an insight into the GOP plank on Negro rights. At a press conference Hutcheson was asked his attitude toward the rights of Negro voters. "I'd treat them just the same as we always have in the Carpenters' Union," he said. "How do you treat them there?" a reporter asked. "Why, we just say, 'Nigger, come in,'" Hutcheson replied.

I HAVE not the space to discuss the platform in detail. Senator Taft tossed a sop to the win-the-war elements by appointing Senator Austin of Vermont chairman of the foreign policy committee. But the committee was given plenty of ballast in the form of the Chicago *Tribune's* Sen. C. Wayland Brooks, Clare Luce, former Sen. John G. Townsend of the Du Pont duchy of Delaware, and the like. More-

Rep. Joe (in-Europe-they-call-it-fascism-in-the-US-it's-the-New-Deal) Martin.

"Something smart and simple, Mrs. Luce—with a Hoover collar, perhaps?"

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over, the committee was presented with a plank already carpentered by Senator Vandenberg of Michigan and a committee appointed at the GOP Mackinac Island conference last September. And in case there is any doubt where Senator Vandenberg stands on foreign policy he recently made it clear with an oration in behalf of Hitler's Finnish puppets.

There seems to have been much haggling over words and phrases in an effort to arrive at something elastic enough to stretch from the Chicago *Tribune* to the New York *Herald Tribune*. Hence what emerged is largely a mere repetition of the ideas and even of entire sentences of the ambivalent Mackinac statement even though that document had said that "a specific program must be devolved in the months to come, as events and relations unfold." In the light of what has happened since last September—the progress of the war, the Moscow, Cairo and Teheran conferences, President Roosevelt's recent proposals on postwar organization—the Republican foreign policy plank is a definite backward step. Moreover, to the extent that it is more specific than the Mackinac declaration, it is so in a reactionary sense. The platform would make it mandatory to have not only any treaty with another nation ratified by two-thirds of the Senate, which is already provided for in the Constitution, but *any agreement*. In other words, the lend-lease agreements, the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran accords and a host of other wartime pacts could not have been made under this provision without running the gauntlet of the bipartisan wrecking crew in the Senate.

The foreign trade plank, which was largely dictated by the notorious high tariff lobbyist, eighty-one year old Joseph R. Grundy, president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association, who was a member of the convention's foreign trade committee, also undermines Secretary Hull's reciprocal trade policy by providing that all reciprocal agreements must be approved by Congress. This plank would make impossible the vast expansion of foreign trade on which largely depends the possibility of achieving high production and employment in the postwar period. As for the farmers, the platform promises them both elimination of subsidies and the granting of support prices (which is another name for subsidies), both freedom from government crop control, and government control of surplus crops.

A significant change was also made in one section of the foreign policy plank. Where originally it read, "the nations which are the victims of Axis aggression should be restored to sovereignty and self-government," it was altered to omit the word "Axis." This was generally interpreted as designed to make it possible to defend the Polish, Finnish, and Baltic fascists against the Soviet Union and the United Nations. And whatever ambiguity is contained in the platform was remedied by Herbert Hoover, who made the real keynote speech of the convention. The ex-President's oratory is a unique experience in concentrated dullness, but nevertheless his speeches are always packed with ideas—reactionary ideas, and they are worth close study. The Chicago *Tribune's* Arthur Sears Henning, fresh from his duties as unofficial adviser to the twenty-nine indicted seditionists, described this speech a striking "a nationalist note"—"nationalist

The "Herald Tribune" Squirms

THE New York *Herald Tribune* has flung itself into partisan politics with heady ardor: it has ended uncomfortably bedded up with Colonel McCormick's Chicago *Tribune*. The Chicago paper, spearheading the negotiated peace elements within the GOP, really preferred Governor Bricker to Governor Dewey but it was well enough satisfied with the boy from Owosso and it was positively ecstatic over the party's foreign policy plank. The New York paper, determined to make a go of it with Governor Dewey (though it had originally preferred Wendell Willkie) is simulating hearty enthusiasm for the GOP presidential candidate, but its words are hollow and its smiles jaundiced.

Wearily trudging down the bleak road of partisanism, it couldn't muster up enough breath to say anything sensible about Mr. Willkie's views on the GOP weasel-worded foreign policy planks—views which the *Herald Tribune* itself endorsed long, long ago—about twelve weeks back. Colonel McCormick, however, found plenty of wind to tell one and all that the concessions to the "internationalist wing" were merely "pleasant words about cooperation for peace." The colonel knew the reality behind those words and he wasn't averse to describing it.

The New York paper didn't find the strength for plain talk; its past weighed heavily on its conscience, and moreover, some newspaper readers have longish memories. Discomfited by the glaring weaknesses at Chicago, it wrote: "These failures of the platform make it all the more important that Mr. Dewey should go to Chicago for his acceptance speech. He can, if he speaks out clearly, convert the convention's shortcomings into strength for his candidacy." Governor Dewey rose to the occasion with a speech of thundering platitudes: the *Herald Tribune* editorial writer culled the fairest sampling of them for quotation. Like these: Dewey promised, if elected, "a cabinet of the ablest men and women to be found in America." And too, "We shall have to work and pray and be patient and make sacrifices to achieve a really lasting peace . . ." etc., etc. These profundities led the *Herald Tribune* to observe that Mr. Dewey portrayed "an insistent realization of where the minimum task lies." But finally, in a spasm of desperation, the editors confessed that "in a sense what he said was less important than what he was."

Already uncomfortably embroiled in its contradictions, the *Herald Tribune* was impelled to describe "what he was." A man whose leadership is composed "of those intangibles which make a man stand out from his fellows." It was canny for the New York paper to ferret out the "intangible"; that relieved it of the necessity of talking about such unpleasantly tangible things as the "record." And it allowed it to grow eloquently mystical about "the hidden fire that lies below the surface of the Dewey exterior." And from intangibles it could go forward to "instincts": "More from instinct than knowledge, the delegates felt that the Governor was, by nature and training, the man to perform the herculean task that lies ahead at Washington." But enough of that.

We cannot close this comment, however, without citing the *Herald Tribune's* appraisal of Herbert Hoover's contribution. After the Great Engineer finished a talk that reeked with anti-Sovietism and Red-baiting, with imperialistic overtones, the editors bowed their heads and wrote: "Here was our one living ex-President at his generous best." And so the *Herald Tribune* editors swallowed their pride of integrity, compromised their conscience, and leaped into the abyss of political chaos. We don't envy our New York contemporaries.

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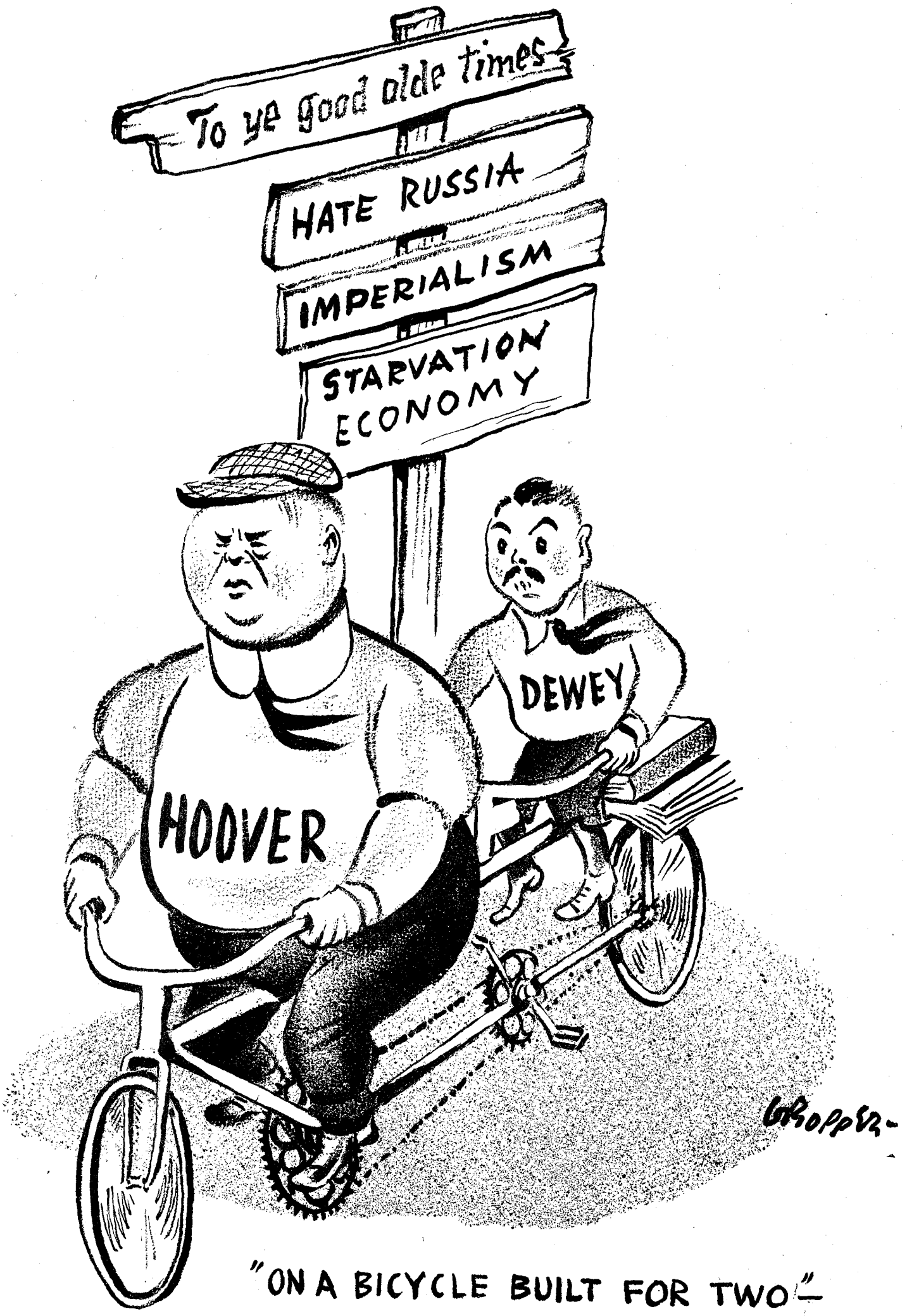

"ON A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO"—

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being current semantics for defeatist or pro-fascist. It is an accurate description. The Hoover speech was a carefully contrived assault on our government and our war effort, on our Russian ally, on the Moscow-Cairo-Teheran concords and all they imply for the future.

As FOR those Republican leaders who may be regarded as reflecting by and large the Willkie approach to the problems of the war and the peace, they came in like lions and went out like lambs. A few threatened to take the fight on foreign policy to the convention floor where they could no doubt have won the support of a goodly number of delegates, but they went no farther than threats. Some, like Senator Ball of Minnesota, leader of the Stassen forces, were too busy threshing the straw of "world state" and "sovereignty"—the fake issues invented by the defeatists to block international collaboration—to pay attention to the reactionary jokers inserted into the foreign policy plank. And the "idealistic" Stassen leaders, who had knifed Willkie in Wisconsin, were not averse to making compacts with the favorite candidate of the fascist fringe, Governor Bricker. In the end all these men capitulated abjectly and supported both the platform and the candidates.

Yet in criticizing these more progressive Republican leaders, I am not unaware of the dilemma that confronts them. As I listened to Governor Saltonstall second the nomination of Dewey, it struck me that one of the tragic consequences of the two-party system is its corrosion of the spirit of good men where reactionaries control the national machine. Both Wendell Willkie and those leading Republicans who share his views are faced with the alternative of either holding fast to their principles and thus courting political reprisals, or entering into discreditable partisan compromises that betray their inmost convictions. It is a hard choice, yet aren't these times when millions in all countries are courageously making choices infinitely harder?

In the context of a Republican Party controlled by the Hoovers, Tafts and Vandenbergs, what shall be said of Dewey? There is no doubt that the New York Governor was not the preferred candidate of Colonel McCormick and the extreme pro-fascist elements in the country. With MacArthur eliminated, these people tended to gravitate toward Bricker. During the convention I interviewed two of the gauleiters of the fascist front, Gerald L. K. Smith and Capt. William J. Grace, head of the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee. Both were visibly unhappy over Dewey's nomination, Smith being particularly articulate on the subject. I must, however, leave for another article the details of my conversation with these two worthies, as well as with several leaders of the anti-Roosevelt American Democratic National Committee.

Yet while Dewey is a candidate who pleases neither the arch-defeatists nor the Willkieites, his virtue consists in the fact that what he enunciates is sufficiently indeterminate to make it possible for both groups to accept him. As in the case of the Republican platform, one can write one's own music to his words.

Woodcut by Max Weber

Though the convention has shown that Colonel McCormick and his crowd are unable to dictate the terms on which they wield influence in the Republican party, the party has nevertheless established terms on which their ideas can continue to influence policy decisively. And while Dewey must necessarily make overtures to the win-the-war sentiment of the country if he is to stand any chance of election, he is in fact the not unwilling prisoner of those who cast Willkie aside in order to raise him to power. Nothing in his past career gives any reason to doubt that he will prove anything but amenable to the persuasions of those to whom he owes so much.

Dewey's acceptance speech, on which he had worked for weeks in advance, was strategically shrewd. Instead of merely saying that the war and foreign policy are not issues in the campaign, he pledged himself to total defeat of the Axis powers and identified himself affirmatively with "that great wide area of agreement" among the overwhelming majority of Americans regarding foreign policy. At the same time he offered the voters more efficient handling of the problems of both the war and peace, relief from wartime restrictions—and jobs. It is a speech designed not only to allay fears about the effects of a change in administration on the war and on relations with our allies, but to encourage the thought that such a change will actually work improvements. And it is couched in terms that make a special appeal to the large body of middle-class and farm voters. Dewey and those behind him are counting heavily on the fact that the average American, though he likes to think of himself as hardboiled, is actually a bit naive in political matters. He is disposed to take a man like Dewey at face value, rather than weigh his words on the scales set up the night before by Hoover and Mrs. Luce. And the average American may not observe that when the GOP standard bearer said that winning th peace "cannot be the work of any one man or of a little group of leaders who meet together in private conferences," he was in effect repudiating the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran agreements.

But the average American also has healthy instincts. The morning after Dewey's acceptance speech, as Adam Lapin of the *Daily Worker* and I sat eating breakfast in Child's, the waitress said to us: "Did you hear Dewey's speech?" We told her we had and asked what she thought of it. "It was a fine speech," she said, "but I don't think we ought to make a change at this time." That may not represent a very high level of political understanding, but it is the beginning of wisdom. Let us not make the mistake of underrating this man Dewey merely because he is humdrum, evasive, and the epitome of small-town success. The results of the recent Cuban election should give pause to those who assume that Roosevelt's victory is in that familiar bag. The forces working against FDR's re-election in both the Republican and Democratic parties are powerful, well financed and well organized. The best antidote to complacency I can think of is to repeat the words: New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California, Ohio, and to bear in mind that these, the largest states in the Union, are all Republican controlled. It's Hooverism versus a free America and a free world, and it's going to be a tough fight. We Americans have been spared the harshest impact of a war in which our national life is at stake, but we have not been spared the duty to sweat for our own future.

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November Elections

WHY THE DONKEPHANTS LOST

'44

By BRUCE MINTON

Los Angeles.

ABOUT a year ago, a citizens' committee speaking for labor, women, civic and small business organizations called on Rep. John M. Costello of Hollywood. The delegation was anxious to discuss the Congressman's voting record with him and his consistent opposition to President Roosevelt. Mr. Costello responded brusquely, with a fine show of contempt for his visitors. He informed them that he didn't give a damn whether or not they approved his actions in Congress; he voted in a way he deemed best for his constituents and he had no interest in the opinions of presumptuous "special groups" who dared question his behavior. He had never had any trouble getting himself elected, and he anticipated no trouble in the future, certainly none from such people as those forming the delegation. It was clear enough that to Mr. Costello defeatism and sabotage of the administration always paid off.

Representative Costello, active member of the Dies Committee, the man who has made a career out of persecuting second-generation Japanese-Americans, the ranter against labor and United Nations unity, the out-and-out defeatist who thought he had a stranglehold on his district, will not return to Congress in 1945. Mr. Costello went the way of his colleagues, Dies and Starnes. He swallowed as his due the praise lavished on him by the Hearst and McCormick press, and he believed what he read about the anti-Roosevelt "trend" sweeping the country. Mr. Costello convinced himself that the voters were suckers for anyone like himself who obstructed the administration and the war. Mr. Costello was wrong—very wrong.

His defeat highlighted the California primaries late in May. But the failure of this outstanding reactionary does not tell the whole story. Out of fifty-six candidates in the state endorsed by the California CIO Political Action Committee, twenty-three were nominated on both the Democratic and Republican tickets, and the remaining candidates won the nomination on one ticket, with a good chance of election this fall. The California primaries represented no narrow labor victory; rather, success grew out of a broad coalition of voters cutting across class lines and special interests.

In the far-off days when I was still in Washington—about three months ago—the Republicans counted California among the "sure" anti-Roosevelt states. Two years ago Earl Warren was elected governor, one of the score of Republicans who captured office in the 1942 elections and supposedly prepared the nation for a change of national administration in 1944. Not so long ago Warren was a leading contender to head the Republican ticket. He is slick, capable, and cagey. He has refrained from committing himself on issues, he has leavened his administration with some good appointments, and his eyes have never wavered from their fixed stare on the main chance. Second place on the ticket wasn't good enough for him. Meanwhile there were rumors that GOP popularity in California was waning. But the nabobs around Spangler and Hoover shrugged off such alarmist gossip—until the primaries came along and the Republicans woke up to a morning-after hangover.

THE primary results were no accident. Last February, Vice-President Wallace spoke at the huge Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles to a meeting organized by a united labor committee. The regular Democratic machine moaned that such a rally could have no good results—no one would come, they predicted, and the whole affair would be a frost which would only chill the voters. The AFL-CIO-Railroad Brotherhoods committee disagreed. And to the open-mouthed astonishment of the ward heelers Mr. Wallace packed the auditorium, with a thousand standing in the aisles and five thousand standing outside to listen to his speech over hastily rigged-up loudspeakers.

Labor considered this enthusiastic interest in Wallace a good sign. But before participating in the campaign for President Roosevelt's reelection, the unions formed a united labor committee, with firm unity established among the AFL, CIO, and Brotherhoods. They rejected any suggestion that the coming election struggle should be considered an exclusively labor-led or labor-directed campaign. Rather, labor resolved to take its place alongside all groups in a common drive to beat back the reactionaries and to advance a program rallying the very broadest support throughout the communities and the state. The unions sent Roy Leheney of the united AFL committee, Philip Connelly of the CIO Political Action Committee, and Frank Pellett of the Railroad Brotherhoods to address the semi-official Democratic Luncheon Club. The labor spokesmen all stressed one point: "Listen," they said to the Democratic party leaders. "We have built unity within our own group. We did this because we realize the deep need of electing progressives to Congress, of putting men and women into office who are pledged to prosecute the war

"The nabobs around Spangler and Hoover shrugged off such alarmist gossip . . ."

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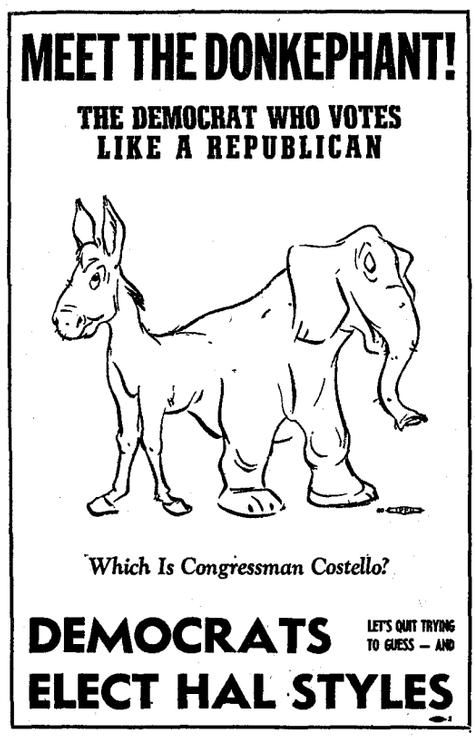
and to win a democratic peace after the war. We are not here to tell the Democratic party whom it should nominate or how to elect candidates. But we are going to participate in this all-important struggle behind President Roosevelt and the war, and we insist on one thing from you: unity. We won unity for ourselves, and it wasn't easy. Now we feel we have the right to demand that you also win unity within your party."

This insistence made a deep impression. In the primary race, the Democrats almost without exception eliminated all candidates in each district except the one who could command the broadest support; and to this candidate went the united backing of the party, of labor, and of all those who understood that Republican reaction threatened victory and national security.

The pay-off in the primaries was frankly astonishing, even to those who had most confidence in the solidity of the coalition behind Roosevelt and the war. Sen. Sheridan Downey was overwhelmingly nominated for reelection, with the added fillip that Jack Tenney, chairman and inspirer of the California legislature's notorious "Little Dies Committee," was snowed under and buried politically, perhaps for all time. Against Red-baiting and sabotage by a turncoat county chairman of the Democratic party, and an opponent's unprincipled attempts to build up racist hysteria, Helen Gahagan Douglass won a tough race. Mrs. Douglass is beautiful, and an able actress and singer, but she won the nomination not on glamor but on her unqualified and militant support of the administration and the policies of President Roosevelt. Ellis Patterson, rancher, schoolteacher, and former lieutenant governor, successfully opposed Jesse Kellems. Kellems is married to a South American fascist, is the brother of the Nazi sympathizer Vivien Kellems of Connecticut, who staged a one-woman sit-down against tax legislation, and vice-chairman of the Tenney "Little Dies Committee." Patterson, rough, tough, and outspokenly pro-Roosevelt, met Kellems' Red-baiting squarely and ran it into the ground.

THIS was only the beginning. It must be understood that in California any candidate, regardless of party, can run in the primaries under more than one party designation. (He must, of course, win the primary of his own party in order to participate in the November elections—failure to do this was Costello's undoing.) For years men like the reactionary Democrat incumbent, Norris Poulson, swept through both primaries with ease. Now, however, Poulson must face a run-off in November against the very able vote-getter Ned Healy, a small businessman. Likewise the reactionary John Z. Anderson, to his astonishment, must fight for his political life against Arthur Johnson in the peninsula district south of San Francisco. Incumbents with good administration records, such as representatives Engle, Izac, Tolan, Holifield, and Outland, won their nominations handily. Cecil King, a consistent administration supporter, took both nominations. Richard Welch, Republican of San Francisco, whose performance in Congress is by far the best of the entire California Republican delegation, who has consistently supported the war, went unopposed. His San Francisco colleague, Tom Rolph, with a miserable record of oppositionism, was unable to prevent the nomination of Frank Havenner, despite Rolph's avid Red-baiting.


MEET THE DONKEPHANT!
THE DEMOCRAT WHO VOTES LIKE A REPUBLICAN
Which Is Congressman Costello?
DEMOCRATS ELECT HAL STYLES
LET'S QUIT TRYING TO GUESS — AND

A favorite creature appearing in literature distributed by the Hollywood Democratic Committee in California's primaries.

Obviously, California cannot be counted as safely in the anti-Roosevelt camp; the chances of carrying the state for the administration in November are better than good, and California's large electoral vote is of vital importance. California voters underlined the very simple political lesson that the electorate is not dumb; if the people want Roosevelt—which becomes increasingly clear as the results of state primaries roll in—then the people also want a Congress willing to support the President. In California every candidate who made no bones about his forthright partisanship for President Roosevelt, every candidate who openly expressed his all-out determination to support the war and to achieve a democratic peace, won a clear-cut primary victory.

True, the ultra-reactionary Gearhart was elected from Fresno, and the Republicans are by no means out of the running. The tasks ahead of the united labor and community groups are neither insignificant nor easy. Political clubs must be built in the precincts, and entrenched more firmly than they are now. The vote must be brought out in November—only forty percent of the electorate participated in the primaries for the state, and the smaller the total vote, the better the prospects for reaction. The hard, plodding work of carrying the campaign deep into the communities still lies ahead. But the start has been made, a propitious start.

I WOULD like to mention a few of the methods used in the primaries which proved so successful. Mailings of campaign literature were profuse—100,000 items in Patterson's district, for example, and as many to nominate Hal Styles over Costello. The sound truck in Ned Healy's district was dragged through the streets by neighborhood kids (Healy refused to use gasoline needed by the armed forces). The American Newspaper Guild brought out a four-page tabloid which enlisted the aid of the best-known columnists in the Los Angeles area; and no one in the district could pick up the paper without seeing the picture of a neighbor urging Healy's election. Probably the most interesting publicity—which can supply pointers in technique to the rest of the country—was the energetic job done by the Hollywood Democratic Committee.

The HDC is "an association of voters which has its origins in the motion picture community, formed to insure political victory on the home front as well as military victory on the battlefields." It cooperates with any other organization with the same general purposes. The HDC is particularly interested in pushing ahead programs for democratic rationing, adequate housing, labor's rights, farm labor, and proper care for children, and in eradicating juvenile delinquency and racial discrimination. The committee entered into the primary campaign with energetic enthusiasm. It raised money from the film community, it involved neighborhood people, it persuaded the AFL to donate $2,000 to defeat Costello. Above all, it made what the Los Angeles *Daily News* called "the million dollar campaign contribution of volunteer talent."

In the ten days before the primary the committee organized a telephone brigade which rang up 14,000 registered voters in the Costello district and urged them to support Styles. The telephoning was conducted almost exclusively by housewives—although scare headlines in the Los Angeles *Times* and the Hearst press labelled the campaign a labor "plot." Actually, electioneering in support of Roosevelt was no more the property of labor than of women's organizations, church societies, Negro groups, business men's associations, fraternities, and just ordinary citizens who wanted to be represented in Congress by win-the-war spokesmen. In middle-class districts,

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middle-class people took leadership; in working-class districts, the unions were the spark-plug. But cooperation existed among all the various groupings—the coalition was real and equal.

The Hollywood Democratic Committee, commanding the services of leading writers, actors, musicians, radio technicians, cartoonists, artists, publicity experts, and a wealth of other talent, perfected many methods that proved effective in the campaign. The Screen Cartoonists Guild contributed biting posters, throwaways, handbills, and the popular symbol of the "Donkephant." Actors and radio writers, musicians and dramatists collaborated in a series of dramatic Hollywood Town Meetings. The theme song, "Let's Go and Ring Doorbells," came close to displacing the leaders of the Hit Parade. Most telling were the two-minute radio spots throughout the day and evening over leading stations. For example, a favorite skit went in part as follows:

Record: What a record, what a record, what a record . . .

A Guy: Hey, buddy! That needle is stuck!

Announcer: Nothing wrong with the needle, mister. If you live in the 20th Congressional District, you're the one who's stuck . . . with your Congressman's record.

Record: What a record, what a record, what a record. . . .

Or alternately:

Record: Higher prices . . . higher prices . . . higher prices . . .

Woman: What *is* that?

Announcer: That, Mrs. Housewife, is from the record of Congressman Hinshaw.

The skit continues, emphasizing Hinshaw's (or Costello's, Poulson's, Ward Johnson's) consistent stand against price control. Still another example:

Record: I vote no . . . I vote no . . . I vote no . . .

Woman: Please, turn that broken record off!

Announcer: Not a broken record, madam. . . . Just the *voting* record of Congressman John M. Costello. On the Federal Ballot for Soldiers, he voted—

Voice: No!

Announcer: On lend-lease to our fighting allies—

Voice: No!

. . . and the skit goes on to give the full record of the offending Costello.

Butchers slipped leaflets into parcels pointing out that if Hinshaw (or Costello, Ward Johnson, Jesse Kellems) had his way, meat prices would rise abruptly. Milk drivers left throwaways with the morning delivery, informing the housewife that Republican opposition to price control would force milk up to twenty cents or even thirty cents a quart. The attempt was to dramatize *issues*—the war and President Roosevelt, inflation, lend-lease, discrimination.

Costello's defeat was no accident. The victory of pro-Roosevelt candidates was not the result of miracles. Hard work won the election—hard work and intelligent, diligent use of every possible technique to involve the people themselves. Now, with the primary over, one hears from labor leaders, from precinct captains, from anyone involved in the primary, reiteration of one idea: "The people themselves won the election. Our job was to bring the issues to them—and we know now that when we do, we don't have to worry about what the decision will be."

No one in the win-the-war camp, however, is foolish enough to be content with the results of the primaries. "Just wait 'till we get started on the November elections," almost everyone tells me. "The invasion makes our job all the clearer. We've got a war and a peace to win—and California wants a President and a Congress who can do it."

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

I

When Homer sang (and sure enough he did),
He sang to eat. Barbaric chiefs did not
Retain those bards that faintly made no bid
To fitly hymn the tribal warlord's lot.
Yet though he sang for shelter and for clothes,
To call him bought and sold is too inept;
He sang and men were brave. He sang of woes,
Homesickness, shipwreck, toil; Odysseus wept.
Well, what a fool he'd look to play before
A mob of trees or seek to move to tears
The sea waves washing on a sandy shore:
The poet's song has meaning but to ears.
A lot insensate earth could care to hear
The noblest music compassed in its sphere!

II

Did Shakespeare sin that he should write to bring
The common groundlings thronging to the pit,
Each with his petty cash to drop and ring
Praise to dark tragedy and bawdy wit?
When Shakespeare filled and thrilled the vulgar ear
With fire and thunder, sounding poetry,
What matter some esthetes profess to fear
That Shakespeare's plays paid off commercially?
The scholars' adulation does endorse
That which the people knew. And here's the sense:
The poet lacks significance and course
Unless completed by an audience.
When he emblazoned English history,
His auditors swept Spaniards from the sea.

III

Now—now we do not know the names. By night
He moves, perhaps hid by a Christian friend,
Or to the partisans; still he must write,
With acid ink and flame at his pen's end.
His own scorched heart knows the mute people's word
Of dedicated hate; he knows the faith
Of people's unity he's seen and heard
Grow great and mighty from a once-cursed wraith.
He may set up the type himself, may live
Beside the hidden hand press—To the fight
A hard integral part he knows to give;
His sharp-edged work is read all right, all right!
With knowledge mounting over salt-stung sorrow,
His pay is in the coinage of tomorrow.

AL GOEDDEL.

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RECONVERSION: ORDER OR CHAOS?

By MARCEL SCHERER and HAROLD SIMON

This is the first of a series of articles on reconversion by Marcel Scherer, business manager of Local 1227, United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers—CIO, and Harold Simon, president of that local. The next article will analyze the provisions of the Kilgore Bill, and the recent legislation and regulations affecting contract termination. Both writers led in the campaign for all-out conversion from peace to war; Mr. Simon in machine tooling, and Mr. Scherer in aviation, gasoline and synthetic rubber. —The Editors.

"Victory is our first and only duty, but just as we prepare for war in time of peace, so we should prepare for peace in time of war. Through preparation we visualize a prosperity, sound and lasting. We see not merely civilian needs trying to be filled but a world requiring the things we can supply—an unlimited market for our products.

"There is no need for a postwar depression. Handled with competence, our adjustment, after the war is won, should be an adventure in prosperity."—Bernard M. Baruch and John M. Hancock, Feb. 15, 1944.

ON APRIL 12, 1944, Sen. Harley M. Kilgore introduced his Senate Bill 1893 providing for "Development and Execution of War Mobilization and Postwar Adjustment Programs." Besides striving to achieve the fullest possible mobilization for our war economy, this bill was intended "to insure that the great momentum of the war mobilization which is bringing victory to our arms will not be lost, but will be reconverted into a peacetime transition program providing for full production, full employment at adequate wages, and full consumption in a steadily expanding civilian economy with rising standards of living for all." The Kilgore bill implements the recommendations of the Baruch-Hancock Report and provides an adequate machinery of government to take care of reconversion and readjustment so as to insure security instead of unrest.

On June 14, a joint labor-industry delegation from New York City headed by Mayor LaGuardia urged the Senate Military Affairs Committee to speed up favorable action on the Kilgore bill. The Mayor pointed out that the costs of carrying out the provisions of the bill might seem at first glance to be great, but he warned that if Congress failed to act the cost to the country would be from twenty to fifty times more than if the problem is handled now intelligently and constructively.

The brilliant success of our military operations on the European continent which is inspiring the American people should also serve as a stimulus to us to plan for the fullest mobilization for the critical war months ahead and to plan for a constructive reconversion to civilian production as circumstances permit. In this way the increased cutbacks and termination of contracts following military successes will not result in any sharpened economic conflicts at home. The greater and faster our military successes and the smaller the losses in materiel, the quicker should we be able to handle the reconversion problem.

At the present time war contracts are being terminated at the rate of one and one-half billion dollars a month. Moreover, this amount and tempo is expected to increase sharply, and according to the estimates of the George Senate Committee on Postwar Economic Policy and Planning "the success of our campaign in Europe will result in the termination by the War Department alone of more than 100,000 prime contracts, which in turn will affect more than one million subcontractors throughout the country." The George committee estimated, before D-day, that in some sixty to ninety days, depending on military developments, these cancellations might embrace fifty percent of all contracts.

Under present conditions the questions of cutbacks, reconversion and postwar planning have become one and the same problem. Unless Congress provides an immediate solution to this combined problem the country will face a period of economic dislocation and chaos not when the war is over but right now in the midst of the war, at the very moment of our nation's most critical and decisive military operations.

The favorable occupation of Normandy with a much smaller loss in men and materiel than anticipated should encourage us to tackle the problem of reconversion and our coming adventure in prosperity more boldly than ever before. Like the planning and organization which insured the success of our troop landings in France, planning and organization of our coming civilian economy will bring results that will surprise even the most optimistic of us.

Bernard Baruch and John Hancock recently warned War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes that although more than three months had elapsed since their February 15 report and much discussion taken place, no effective action had resulted for setting up adequate organizational machinery and determining policies to insure that the cancellation of war contracts would be planned properly in advance. Baruch and Hancock pleaded: "for the good of all of us but mostly for the sake of our soldiers and sailors, let us hurry, hurry, hurry, not only in winning the war but in being ready for the peace. Further delays will turn the adventure in prosperity into an adventure in adversity."

These questions which we have been discussing as "postwar" are now upon us. They affect everyone. Not only wage earners but plant owners, storekeepers, professionals. Congress, in the last few days before it adjourned, passed a contract termination bill, but this bill fails to make any provision for human needs. If we fail to act, tens and hundreds of thousands, if not millions, will be thrown out of work, with ensuing dislocation of our economy.

It was virtually on the eve of D-day that the shutdowns at the Brewster and Alcoa plants in Long Island hit us, much like the impact of the robot rocket planes. Here was a most serious danger signal and what might well degenerate into a new secret weapon for Hitler, striking not on the shores of southern England but in the very heart of the arsenal of democracy. This warning showed us dramatically that we can no longer wait until contracts have been terminated to begin to decide what to do with the men and plants in the way of reconversion.

At Brewster's the fifth column got to work without a moment's hesitation and tried to whip up a frenzy among the workers on the pretext that they had worked themselves out of a job, that D-day meant dismissal day. Some of the disruptive Trotskyites proposed a slogan, "if the war is over, bring our boys back." And this happened on the eve of D-day.

WHAT happened at Brewster's was a shock not only to the workers in that plant but to the whole nation. At a time when the plant had doubled its production over a few months previous, without any warning the Navy ordered a complete shutdown. Thirteen thousand trained war workers were to be dumped out of work and the plants made idle, although there were still bottlenecks in some phases of our war production. This was the case although the WPB had set our 1944 sights for increased production. At the same time the Army had orders to place which could put to work the Brewster facilities. But, because there was no central power to act, a switch-over from Navy to Army work was not possible.

The Brewster shutdown also revealed the chaotic and impermissable manner in which the question of manpower is being handled. Three companies were producing the Corsair — Goodyear, Sikorsky, and

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Brewster. The first two were in the tight number one manpower areas where a shortage of labor exists. Brewster, however, was in the loosest manpower area, or number four, where no such shortage exists. Once the Navy had decided to cut down on the production of Corsairs, the logical procedure was to order their cutback at Goodyear or Sikorsky, whose workers could be reabsorbed without a moment's delay at nearby plants, and on very vital war work. By ordering the shutdown at Brewster, we had thousands thrown out of work, plants made idle and what is far more serious, we suffered a wave of confusion and demoralization that struck countless thousands and hurt our war effort.

Our manpower problems are still not solved—proof of this lies in the issuance of new and stricter WMC regulations. A Brewster situation can easily cause tens of thousands of war workers to quit their jobs and to start scurrying to find jobs in the non-war industries which offer the hope for continued work in the future.

In the case of Alcoa, we have a plant built by the government in 1942 at a cost of $34,000,000 and covering 100 acres—one of the largest industrial plants in New York City. Today this plant is idle. The workers laid off had to take jobs elsewhere, break up their homes and in some cases travel to British Columbia for work. Can there be any worse example of a lack of planning and a procedure which is fast becoming a blueprint for chaos?

Brewster was not the first case of its kind. Cutbacks are taking place much in the same manner all over the country. Months before Brewster there was the shutdown of a small arms plant in St. Louis, and 4,000 made idle at the US Cartridge plant. St. Louis is also in a number four area, where labor is plentiful. This kind of shutdown in an area where labor and facilities are plentiful, if not followed immediately by a substitute work program, is wasteful and criminal.

The chief characteristic of these cutbacks is that they are not planned, there is no prior notice to management or labor, there are no provisions for other vitally needed work. In a word, this sort of thing leads to demobilization of the very war effort itself. It corrodes the incentive to keep on producing without stint the weapons still needed for a speedy and decisive victory.

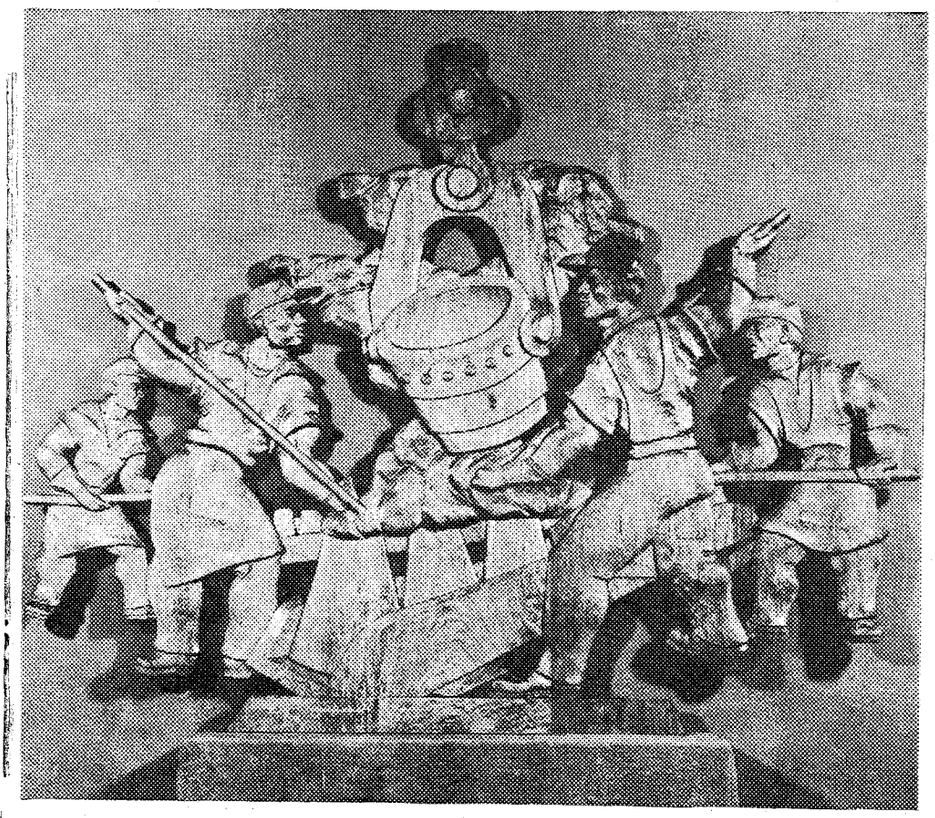
THIS, therefore, is not a postwar problem. If we do not solve the problem now, we will be hurting the war effort. For it is a matter of maintaining the highest productive effort *now* to guarantee victory. Such coordination as provided for in the Kilgore bill would go a long way toward easing the minds of the workers in the shops in the New York area, in the Detroit area and throughout the country. The termination of contracts that is taking place, the cut in hours, are leading to a feeling of complacency on the one hand and insecurity on the other.

There are two main solutions. One is further war work. Here is an example: at the present time there is a sharp need for heavy artillery and for rockets. The Ammunition Branch of the Ordnance Division of the Army is looking for facilities to produce parts for this program. Yet when a delegation went to Washington with a proposal to bring some of this artillery program into New York shops that had the tools and facilities, the representatives of management and of labor had to act as a sort of one-man Office of War Mobilization, running from one agency of the government to another trying to line up the work. This is a typical example of what happens from a lack of coordination. We have plants that have open facilities for the rocket program. We have skilled workers available. Yet because of the lack of a coordinating agency which is directed to plan this problem, it is up to individuals to get the jobs for themselves. It results in wasted manpower and idle facilities, and it sets back the war program.

The second alternative to continued war production is the partial resumption of civilian production under an orderly, carefully planned program which would allow for the necessary number of war plants to be held in a standby condition to take care of any change in military needs, changes in lend-lease requirements or orders for items for liberated countries. In New York, for example, we have the greatest consumer goods producing area in the country. We have the facilities, we have the labor. Moreover, due to the same kind of lack of foresight and planning and coordination at the beginning of the war effort that we now complain of in reconversion, we have many facilities that have never been converted to the war effort.

This means that many shops could begin now to go back immediately to consumers' production without in any way affecting the war effort. For example, we have shops in New York that produce silver hollow ware and kitchen utensils. All over the country, war workers need these articles; especially restaurants feeding war workers need them. These plants could resume civilian production at once, and in an essential category. The Alcoa plant in New York was closed down because of a surplus of aluminum, the chief material needed for these kitchen utensils. WPB recently revoked orders limiting use of magnesium and aluminum. Nevertheless the plant is still shut down. Isn't it perfectly obvious that we desperately need the kind of coordination that would see to it that these aluminum facilities were continued, to produce materials to be worked on in the shops turning out needed kitchen utensils? Why should each one of the shops concerned have to hurry down to Washington, to try to pull strings, call for hearings, and pound on doors of procurement agencies, in order to arrange—each for itself—what could be so easily arranged in an orderly manner by the right kind of coordinating agency with sufficient power?

Obviously there can be no further play-



"Steel Puddlers," mahogany woodcarving by Chaim Gross.

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A. Blashko

ing around in Congress with the question of legislation to handle contracts and reconversion. We need the kind of coordinating agency provided in the Kilgore bill, with power to coordinate manpower and production needs and not just the power to umpire. We need an Office of War Mobilization and Adjustment that would be directed to work out the policies and program for guaranteeing that the problems of reconversion would be part of the whole program of war mobilization. We feel that full war production should be maintained, and that as workers and facilities become freed they should either be given other war work or they should be put into important consumers' goods production. We need the requisite powers in the WPB and in the Production Program and Reconversion Committee set up by the Kilgore bill to provide the machinery for effectuating this integration. It would be necessary for this committee to work out definite formulas to fill the gaps that will take place as a result of necessary contract terminations. The experience in New York proves that what we need is an agency which shall be directed to formulate such a plan and an agency to put the plan into action.

ON JUNE 23, instead of voting this much needed legislation embodied in the Kilgore bill providing for further war mobilization and a planned demobilization of war plants, Congress voted to demobilize itself and recess until August 1. This makes it impossible for any legislation to be passed until sometime in August. And yet between now and August we may well face contract terminations to the extent of from five to ten billions of dollars or more.

How is it possible for Congress to run out on this critically urgent problem and to neglect such a bill as the Kilgore bill, S. 1893? On that very day of voting the recess, new serious cutbacks and shutdowns were taking place throughout the country. To mention a few—Federal Ship in Kearney, N. J.; Steinway (Glider) in Astoria, L. I., and the Singer Sewing Machine Company in Elizabeth, N. J.

Obviously, the reactionaries and the majority of Republicans in Congress are quite willing to see chaos rather than orderly reconversion. In place of full utilization of manpower and plant facilities, their policy would bring about mass unemployment and idle plants and an accompanying economic disorder. This is part of their desperate effort to turn labor and the people to blaming and fighting President Roosevelt and his administration. They would like to set the tone for the 1944 elections with millions embittered because they were thrown out of work due to contract cancellations. For that they would risk even economic chaos. These are the same forces which fought the reconversion of our peace economy to an all-out war economy at the outbreak of the war, which fought the concept of over-all planning, which sabotaged the President's Seven Point Economic Program to halt inflation and stabilize our war economy. These people look at the war economy as one to allow unlimited profiteering on war contracts while freezing wages and burdening labor with the cost of the war.

Why is it that Congress dares to recess and leave the problems involved in cancelling billions of dollars of war contracts hanging in the air?

For one thing, the people of the nation are not yet aroused to the fact that reconversion is a "must" problem for "now," that can no longer wait. There has been so much talk of reconversion as a "postwar" problem that people have slipped into the error of thinking that the consideration and solution of this problem can very well wait until the war is over. This can cause us irreparable harm. It has been difficult enough to develop the home front to its present position and delay in planning will certainly cause a serious disruption of the home front in the midst of the war and the war effort itself is bound to suffer. There are the disruptive and demagogic agents in the ranks of industry and labor and in the halls of Congress who are out to seize such an opportunity to promote civil strife and to inflame the fears and prejudices of backward or confused sections of labor and the population. These enemies at home would exploit the chaotic situation brought about by sudden mass layoffs to turn "X-Day," the day of the collapse of Germany, into an "S-Day"—a day of strife and strikes over layoffs and all the unsettled beefs piled up since Pearl Harbor. These reactionaries and treacherous forces in the ranks of industry, labor and Congress, can be isolated and rendered impotent to the extent that legislation for over-all planning such as the Kilgore bill is enacted into law.

Reconversion is the first step in setting up an adequate machinery to take care of a full postwar economy and to insure that the transition from our war economy to our peace economy will be without chaos and crises. Teheran is meeting its first test in the changing economy of our nation.

For another thing, we who have understood and accepted the Teheran perspectives for a full postwar operation of our expanded national economy have not fully appraised the power of resistance of the anti-Teheran forces. Nor the forces that nodded their heads to the Teheran concord but failed to appreciate what a thorough and far-reaching change in our national economy for peacetime Teheran prescribed.

The concord at Teheran for speedy victory in the war is being realized gloriously by our fighting men at Cherbourg, Rome, Vipuri, and Saipan. The concord at Teheran for our full postwar economy must be fought for and won with the same courage and all-out effort by our people at home. To achieve this we have to establish a people's beachhead in the halls of Congress for our peacetime economy in the form of passage of the Kilgore bill. Congress must be made to face this problem now

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WHAT ABOUT OUR CHILDREN?

By ELIZABETH GREEN

On the train from Connecticut a little while ago an Irish mother was telling me about her children, in particular about her boy. He had got himself a job in a hotel after school. She wasn't sure it was good for him to put in so many hours, but he couldn't seem to be happy sitting home any more. As for his pay—"We don't need it. He buys war bonds." You never read about him in the papers. His mother didn't seem to think there was anything very special about what he was doing. Evidently he didn't either. There are lots more like him.

Throughout the nation hundreds of thousands of teen-age boys and girls are working part time—and even full time—after school during the war emergency. Some carry school and work programs of as much as eighty hours a week. Hundreds of thousands of other young people have left school, or have trained for defense work instead of going to college, devoting their energies toward defeating Hitler and Tojo. Younger children too are doing their bit. In an underprivileged neighborhood in New York City a group of play-school children saved their pennies and nickels for weeks to donate them to a war relief agency. Agency officials, touched, gave their own nickels to the kids for a treat. Oh yes, the children took the money. But they gave it right back again. "You send that over too," they said.

Millions of children, many of them quite little, are helping working mothers and mothers doing volunteer war work run the home, look after smaller children, do the family shopping. In doing these unromantic tasks our children are helping to win the war as unmistakably as if they were themselves producing for the fronts.

Wherever America has asked its children for help, they have made a magnificent response. Seventeen million of them belong to the Junior Red Cross—954,000 in New York City alone. Twenty thousand high school girls in New York are working with units of the American Women's Voluntary Services, and 15,000 younger children contribute their time each week to the Junior Citizens Service Corps of the CDVO. The story of our children's role in the war effort has too often been left untold, while sensational stories about the relatively small number who have made mistakes have been spread in the nation's press. Such stories do not help national morale. All our young people feel stigmatized by them. When a young girl, invited to a dance, asks apprehensively, "Is that one of those affairs to keep us out of trouble?" it's time to stop and think. For that girl a dance is no longer a place to have a good time, but a place where she is sent because the world has no confidence in her.

It is true our young people are restless, particularly those who are approaching manhood and womanhood and have not yet found a place for themselves in the war picture. "But delinquency is not the problem," Clyde Murray, head of the Union Settlement, and Director of Teen-Age Activities for the Welfare Council, told me. "It is a symptom. The real problem is the situation the children are facing."

With the mass exit of boys for the Army at eighteen, normal social relations for the young people of both sexes are interrupted. This in itself becomes an important cause of restlessness and often forces decisions in personal relationships which under ordinary circumstances would not come up till the boys and girls were older. Since schools on the whole have been slow in reorienting their programs toward the war, lack of interest in school work is fairly general. For many boys adolescence becomes a period of waiting to be old enough to get into the fight. Many of them leave school and go to work.

The girls are even more restless than the boys. Too often they find no place for themselves in the war effort. The girls see the boys going off to the Army and Navy and feel "left out." They want to "have uniforms, too." We cannot restore to our adolescent girls their friends who have left or are about to leave for the Army. But we can give them the knowledge that they too have an important job to do in this world struggle. Many of their problems should not be too difficult to solve. Our modern school buildings, for example, are logical places to serve as community centers where war activities and social activities can be organized. Full use of our school buildings and playgrounds will remedy a major deprivation of both our younger and older children. Smaller classes at school, a little more personal attention from a teacher, somewhere to go when school is over, and a recognized place in the war world will do much to make up for the loss of affectionate interest from an absent father or a working mother.

The war production center with a huge increase in population has far more complicated problems of housing, schools, playgrounds, and child care than cities which are not so directly or extensively involved

"Bridgehead," by Edith Glaser.

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in producing for the war. The task of making children, torn from other communities, feel at home and wanted in a congested city running on a twenty-four-hour schedule is not easy. And the young worker, often unattached, has special problems of his or her own. On the other hand, a community that is not a war production center may not realize that its young people have any wartime needs. The boys and girls feel the impact of the war, but the community's very isolation from the war effort creates problems for them.

Some cities have responded fairly well to the new problems that have arisen. In Detroit more than a third of the school buildings are open for group activities in the evening—some of them five nights a week. In Wayne County, which comprises Detroit and its suburbs, the Board of Education runs 433 playgrounds and skating rinks, while an additional 163 are provided either by the municipalities or jointly by the schools and municipalities. The young people also have the use of 249 gymnasiums in the afternoons and evenings and a number of recreation centers are available.

The schools are also making an effort to correlate work and school, extending high school credit for work experience. "Production is a key word in everyone's vocabulary," W. E. Stirton, secretary of the Wayne County Youth Guidance Committee, wrote me. "Forty-eight percent of the high school youth are working after school." The United Auto Workers-CIO is playing a splendid role in helping the young worker meet his or her needs. Mrs. Jessica Kimball, of the Council of Social Agencies, writes that the union "organizes evening dances for young girls and 'breakfast dances' for those on the night shift. Bowling leagues have been organized for both men and women, and weekend boat trips."

IN NEW YORK, on the other hand, there is much confusion and general lack of coordination. Not a primary war production center, New York was slow to realize that its children had war problems. Consequently, there has been a greater increase in the number of children coming before the courts in New York than in Detroit despite the fact that the dislocations resulting from the war have been much more serious in Detroit. The situation in New York is better than it was a year ago, but general coordination and community mobilization is still in the making. Even today New York generally has not accepted the need for the schools to be open in the afternoon and evening, though long before the war this was a great need in many sections of the city. Acting Director Francis J. Brennan of the Recreation Department of the Board of Education told me that at present the playgrounds of only eighty schools (there are about eight hundred schools in the city) are kept open until 6 PM on funds scraped together by the Board of Education from money alloted for other educational purposes. One hundred and twenty schools are kept open three nights a week on money approved by the Board of Estimate. Between 12,000 and 16,000 children now use the playgrounds each afternoon, and about 30,000 a night flock to the evening programs for older boys and girls. According to Director Brennan, the Board of Education would like to do a great deal more. This feeling was echoed by Mr. Murray of the Welfare Council, who expressed the hope that a recent reorganization of the activities of the Welfare Council would result in a greater recognition of the needs of the children and young people on the part of the community as a whole.

It is true that in New York there are also 480 playgrounds run by the Department of Parks, about 400 of which provide supervised play. There are forty-two settlement houses affiliated with the United Neighborhood Houses. The Police Athletic League, which in 1943 had a membership of about 35,000, runs ten centers. In addition, a number of churches do some child-care work. However, all these efforts do not begin to meet the need.

Early this year the Juvenile Aid Bureau of the Police Department initiated the first city-wide plan for coordination of these activities. Coordinating councils were set up in the eighty-odd police precincts. These are civic units attended by the local police captain. Though from a number of points of view it is unfortunate that a law-enforcement agency had to take the first step toward providing an organizational setup that could work out coordinated activities on a neighborhood basis, some of these councils have assumed a broad, representative character and should be an important factor in directing community efforts toward a constructive program.

THROUGHOUT the country, private agencies, particularly those already oriented toward child care and youth programs, have played an important part and often have shown a greater appreciation of the needs of America's youth than the public agencies. The Play Schools Association, which is national in scope, has helped many neighborhoods and communities organize child care centers for working mothers and assisted them in meeting the requirements for public funds. The association has enlarged its training school for recreation leaders and has enlisted the support of women volunteers to help carry through the programs as a war job. This organization has also helped fill a need by promoting parent discussion groups on children's problems.

The YWCA's have provided space for a large number of teen-age "hangouts." In some war centers the Y's have altered their programs to take care of young people working on night shifts; some of the Y's have instituted an 8 AM to midnight program and some are even operating on a twenty-two-hour basis. While it would be unwise to magnify the accomplishments of such private agencies, whose funds and facilities are limited, it can be said that had the legislators of our country been half as alert to the wartime needs of our children and young people as many of our privately supported organizations, we would be worrying less about juvenile delinquency today.

Just how many are "getting into trouble" no one can say since accurate national statistics are not available. But certainly the figure of 200,000 children who annually passed through the juvenile courts in peacetime, has been left far behind. In addition, tens of thousands of older adolescents, boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, are coming up before other courts, in some cases adolescents' courts, often in regular adult courts. Most of these boys and girls should never find themselves in situations which result in court action. Their stories show it.

Our young people are the seed-corn of the nation's future. They need to be nourished emotionally and spiritually, as well as physically, if they are to grow up into useful Americans capable of meeting the responsibilities that await them in the post-war world. Our country as a whole and every individual community urgently need as war measures and as peace measures well-planned programs in which public and private agencies will join with parents to give every child and adolescent the opportunity to become a citizen worthy of our democratic heritage. When all our children have a recognized and respected place in our society, delinquency as a mass phenomenon will disappear.

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THE AXIS BLITZES LATIN AMERICA

By MARTIN T. BROWN

In the year since the June 1943 coup d'etat of the Argentine fascists, groups in half a dozen Latin American nations have intensified their activities in what has all the earmarks of a plan carefully conceived in Berlin and worked out in Buenos Aires. The purpose of the plan is twofold: to disrupt the war effort of the United States and Latin America; and to take advantage of the concentration of arms and attention on the European and Pacific war to build a bloc of fascist nations which would lay the groundwork for the reestablishment of a defeated Axis.

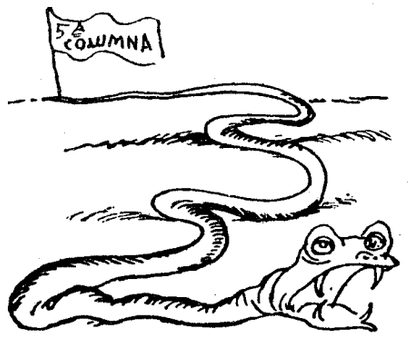
Authoritarian regimes are not new to Latin America. But until June 4, 1943, no fascist state had been established in the New World, no clique had come to power which consciously worked to spread not only its military, but also its political hegemony over its neighbors to the detriment of the common man. And this is where the great danger of Argentine fascism presents itself. It is a product not only for internal use but, typically, for export. As the latter it can be traced to the Bolivian and Paraguay coups, the increase of fascist activities in Chile, Peru, Colombia and to some extent in Mexico, and the open incitement to insurrection by Nazi supporters in Uruguay.

It is not by chance that Bolivia became the first nation in Latin America where Argentine fascism established a regime which marked the initial step in the creation of a "regional bloc." One of the main behind-the-scenes men in this coup was Major Elias Belmonte, former Bolivian military attache in Berlin, an interesting but little known figure. In 1941 Belmonte was charged with organizing a conspiracy in Bolivia with the aid of Nazi Minister Ernst Wendler. Forced to resign, he did not return to La Paz, but became instead one of the most important liaison agents of the Nazis in Latin America. Working out of Lisbon, Belmonte made frequent flights to report to superiors in Germany.

Shortly after the coup in Bolivia General Higinio Morinigo, Paraguay's dictator, was invited to Buenos Aires. He was impressed with Argentina's military preparations and the hastily constructed garrisons in the adjoining Formosa territory. Morinigo was also plied with rumors of an impending Argentine war against Brazil and Paraguay. In March the Nazi-organized *Frente de Guerra*, which had a stronghold in the Paraguay government, helped oust several cabinet members who were not unconditional in their support of the Axis. Fascist control was completely consolidated. And here again the Argentine influence was felt. For instance, Marcos Fuster, one of the *Frente de Guerra* leaders, had suddenly turned up in Buenos Aires in some military capacity. While Paraguay is not the most important country in Latin America, it does border on Brazil, Uruguay, and Bolivia, as well as Argentina, and its importance in the present day Latin American picture increases.

For many years Argentina had been proposing a "customs union" with Chile, but after June 4, 1943, this type of alliance became all the more threatening. The Chilean magazine *Ercilla* recently disclosed that Chile's counter-espionage service had discovered some surprising facts about Argentina's plans for that country. After September 1, 1943, an unusually heavy tourist traffic of Argentines had developed. This was unusual because the tourist season had passed and, more important, because the tourists were of a peculiar kind. They were not interested in visiting the Chilean beaches or other resorts. They were interested solely in making contact with the Chilean military, especially officers.

In mid-October, an Argentine military delegation arrived on "a mission of confraternity." After visiting Chilean garrisons they were tendered a reception in the *Escuela de Carabinieros*. The same day a number of Chilean officers informed their superiors that the Argentine army representatives had proposed that they organize a coup d'etat. Shortly afterwards, General Carlos Ibanez del Campo, opponent of President Juan Antonio Rios in the 1942 presidential election and an old hand at conspiracy, began making frequent trips to Argentina. After one of these trips, a four-day visit to Mendoza province, he undertook a nationwide tour of Chile. From his statements and other information obtained by Chile's military intelligence, it became clear that the Argentine military men had proposed the establishment of an anti-democratic and anti-United States regime. The slogan of the Chilean fascists had a familiar ring: "Down with masonry, down with Communism." Early this year the Chilean government seized hundreds of resident Germans and removed many military leaders who were accused of plotting against the regime and of engaging in espionage.



From "Futuro."

The main agent between the Argentine and Chilean fascists on the diplomatic front is Chile's Ambassador in Buenos Aires—Conrado Rios Gallardo, considered to be one of the most skillful Axis emissaries in the Americas. Rios Gallardo had been an intimate of Ruiz Guinazu, Argentina's reactionary foreign minister before the June coup, and together they had worked to destroy Pan-American cooperation. He had also been on the best of terms with Ramon Castillo, the former Argentine president, and Castillo's designated successor, Patron Costas.

When Chile's Foreign Minister Rossetti passed through Buenos Aires in January, 1942, on his way to the Rio de Janiero Pan-American conference of foreign ministers, Rios Gallardo enthusiastically arranged a meeting with the Argentines, who were then working to destroy the unity of the Americas at the conference. It was also at this time that Argentina had proposed the establishment of a bloc of Latin American states, ostensibly to oppose United States hegemony, but actually to block any move directed against the Axis. And while Ruiz Guinazu was at the Pan-American conference, Rios Gallardo worked assiduously for a meeting between the acting Argentine Foreign Minister Rothe and newly elected President Rios of Chile. The repeated warnings of Chile's democratic parties, however, caused the cancellation of the meeting at the last minute.

Perhaps the best example of Rios Gallardo's affinity to fascism was his attitude toward the pro-Nazi Nationalist Youth of Argentina. He spoke to them from the Chilean embassy on May Day, 1943. The Argentine Nazis greeted his remarks with "Long Live Germany." And Rios Gallardo's greatest personal achievement was Chile's hasty recognition of the Farrell regime in Argentina after the military clique running that country had become dissatisfied with President Ramirez because he had broken relations with the Axis. When the recognition was officially announced last March 4, Rios Gallardo proudly told a group of journalists in an off-the-record talk, "This is the happiest day in my life."

Two days earlier he had informed Rodriguez Alvez, Brazilian ambassador to Buenos Aires, and Martinez Thedy, Uruguayan ambassador, that most of the Latin American nations had decided to recognize

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Farrell. His chicanery becomes more apparent when it is noted that on March 2 he told US Ambassador Armour that Chile would not recognize Farrell. And today the Chilean embassy in Buenos Aires is the meeting place of Axis agents who no longer enjoy diplomatic prerogatives. There representatives of Franco meet with Argentine civilians, Farrell's agents meet with those from Bolivia, and all of them meet with a whole group of plotters from other Latin American countries. It is the center of South American plotting against democratic governments.

OFFICIALLY Chile and Bolivia are on the worst of terms. Bolivia charges that Chile is angling to take over the vital Oruro and Potosi mining areas, while Chile charges Bolivia with endeavoring to regain Arica and Antofagasta, seized in a nineteenth century war. But this has not prevented the fascists of both countries from working togther. Bolivia's charge d'affaires in Buenos Aires is a young man named Carlos Salamanca, an ardent partisan of a South American bloc under Argentine hegemony. A few months ago he submitted a memorandum proposing the idea of a bloc to Chile's Foreign Ministry. The contents of the note were made available to Allied diplomatic representatives in Santiago.

The South American conspiracy extends also to Uruguay, just across the Rio Plata from Argentina. The "nationalists" there, led by Dr. Luis Alberto Herrera, are attempting to create the necessary political atmosphere for a reactionary coup. On May 18 Herrera's daily newspaper *El Debate* proclaimed the need for an "armed revolt" against the democratic government of President Juan Amezaga. In a speech before the Uruguayan Senate on May 19, Herrerista Senator Haedo urged resistance to the government "by all possible means." Enrique Rodriguez, secretary of the General Workers Union of Uruguay and one of the outstanding political figures in the country, recently declared that the increasing aggressiveness of the Herreristas is based on direct orders from Argentina.

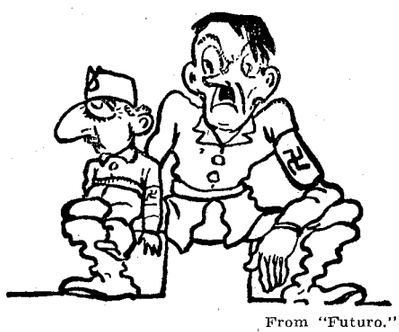
Working with the local Trotskyite group, Herreristas have called strikes in the meat packing industry, Uruguay's most strategic industry. Herrera frequently visits Buenos Aires for discussions with Admiral Scasso, General Juan Bautista Melina and other Argentine military and fascist figures. He has consistently demanded and fought for the recognition of the Farrell regime. A few weeks ago he left Montevideo on a tour which is expectd to take him to Chile, Bolivia, and Paraguay, and perhaps to Peru and Ecuador. Detailed data on Herrera's mission is not yet available, but it is likely that his job will be similar to that undertaken a year ago by Manuel Fresco, one of the lesser known bosses of Argentine fascism—to consolidate pro-Axis movements in various Latin American countries.

From Peru have come frequent rumors that former President Oscar Benavides, now ambassador to Argentina, has been plotting to overthrow Manuel Prado's government, which has gone a long way in recent months toward extending internal democracy. General Benavides is known to be working with Argentine fascists and to meet regularly with them. It is known too that Haya de la Torre, leader of the anti-government APRA, was approached to take part in a coup and to participate in a new government, but rejected all these bids to play ball with the Argentine fascists. Herrera's trip is therefore vitally important to the future of Peru. It is likely that he will bring new suggestions and practical "advice" to Peruvian fascists and make a renewed bid to win over Haya de la Torre.

In Colombia where the fascists have for a long time tried to overthrow the government of President Alfonso Lopez, democratic groups won an important victory when the Senate in May unanimously rejected Lopez' attempt to resign, because of the failure of his Liberal party to unite against fascist pressure. A firm and consistent democrat, Lopez has reassumed the presidency and is now expected to take a firmer stand against domestic fascism. It should be pointed out that here too fascist activity was stepped up at the same time it increased in Paraguay, Uruguay, and other Latin American countries whose fascists have obvious connections with Buenos Aires.

In Brazil the remnants of the pro-fascist *Integralistas* or "Green Shirts" have intensified their activities against Brazil's government. The increase of *Integralista* activity follows the same propaganda pattern as in Argentina. They argue that: (1) Germany is already defeated and now the main enemy is the United States; (2) Brazilians are not interested in the war, but desire only internal reforms; (3) Argentina is preparing for war against Brazil and therefore the armed forces are needed for home defense. This last argument is the most serious one, for it not only tends to divert Brazil's war effort, but also helps fascist propaganda among the Argentine people on the pretext that their fatherland is endangered.

Internally and to some extent in foreign affairs, the Argentine fascist clique operates through the "Colonel's Lodge" or Group of United Officers (GOU), headed by Colonel Juan Domingo Peron, War Minister, Vice-President and Labor Department chief. There is also another organization, *America Alerta*, whose activities are primarily of a foreign nature. It is the central Argentine propaganda and organizational group attempting to spread the fascist gospel throughout the Americas. Its existence was discovered late last year when six of its agents were arrested in Uruguay on charges of spreading sedition among Uruguayan army officers. One of those arrested disclosed that *America Alerta* has members in Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Brazil, especially among high ranking officers.



From "Futuro."

A few weeks ago in a dispatch from Montevideo *Allied Labor News* disclosed that Argentina is arming feverishly in preparation for possible aggression against her neighbors. Specifically, it was learned that all important metallurgical plants are producing only war materials, that private contracts had been cancelled. The dispatch pointed out that "since nobody is threatening Argentina, the only purpose for her feverish war planning is aggression. It is obvious that Argentina is not arming to fight the Axis."

Referring to Argentina's continental objectives and the plans of GOU chieftain Peron, *Time* magazine for April 24 summed up the situation as follows: "Hemispherically, Peron seems to want to divide Latin America into two spheres of influence. He would generously give the US the northern part. The southern portion (Uruguay, Chile, Paraguay, Bolivia, and possibly Peru) would form a bloc under the influence of Argentina." The outspokenly pro-Nazi "nationalists," *Time* said, "believe that they should boss all South America."

To offset this menacing trend in the hemisphere the United States must take a positive and energetic attitude in favor of democratic governments in Latin America. We must work more closely with her labor movements, the leading progressive forces of the nations to the south. The actions of certain minor government officials in Washington against the Confederation of Latin American Workers and its president, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, as well as similar activities by AFL leaders, must be replaced by a constructive policy of cooperation with Latin American democracy. Secretary of State Hull has acted boldly and well, but only a united and resolute America can effectively meet the Argentine fascist threat to the future peace and security of the New World.

In another article to be published soon, Argentina's internal scene will be discussed, as well as the Anglo-American frictions which delay a solution of Argentine and Latin American issues.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Cleansing the Roman Stables

THE question with which the poor, perplexed authorities of the Allied Military Government (AMG) in Italy have been bedevilled, namely, "What is a fascist?" seems to have found its answer at last. The cables disclose that Col. Charles Poletti, AMG commissioner, under what is called a "depuration formula" has cleansed the Roman municipal government of 3,750 suspected fascists and pro-Germans, while 198 arrests have been made on grounds of security. Among those behind bars are the chief of the municipal civil service, some high officers of the secret military police, the head of the Bank of Italy, and others of the upper crust of the erstwhile fascist nobility.

Needless to say, Americans will welcome this action of Colonel Poletti; they will, moreover, see a big advance in the fact that a commission of twelve (two from each party of the Six Party Coalition) will pass on the removals and will have power to oust all those known to have collaborated with the Nazis. These actions represent two important developments: one, that AMG realizes that the relationship of forces within Italy has altered to a point where the military authorities find themselves unable to proceed as they did formerly; and second, that the heightened political awareness outside Italy, within the United Nations, will not brook the continued infringement upon the rights of a people who today are part and parcel of the enemies of fascism, and who have their own responsible civil authorities.

Colonel Poletti's "depurations" indicate that a cleavage is in process within AMG official circles; it is well known that the majority of authorities continue to cling to their old, encrusted prejudices against permitting the Italian people their sovereign rights. We trust that this latest development indicates something fundamental: that soon the AMG will remove their offices and officers and allow the popular anti-fascist Six Party Coalition to work out the destiny of their people.

The sooner this happens the better: the Allied military command will then be able to draw upon a heightened enthusiasm of the Italian people in the big job that remains of cleaning up the northern areas where big things are brewing. A patriot insurrection was reported throughout Tuscany, where the Nazis shot 200 Italian youths for refusing to report for military service. Street fighting is raging in Florence, the Communist newspaper *Unita* reported; dozens of Italian hostages had been shot and others buried alive. According to the Swiss newspaper *Gazette de Lausanne*, Mussolini has fled to Germany and "panic" has taken hold of the fascist leaders as the Allies continue their march up the peninsula. That march will be quickened, and many American, British, French, and Italian lives will be saved, if AMG submits to the inevitable, departs from the country, and permits the democratic Italian government full latitude to join maximum strength with the Allies. The people of Italy are ready.

Lowdown on Greece

FOR several weeks it looked as though rapid progress was being made to bring some measure of order into Greek affairs. The Lebanon conference promised much towards establishing a unity cabinet in Cairo, and the prime minister, George Papandreou, seemed cooperative. It now turns out that Mr. Papandreou promised a good deal but delivered practically nothing. While the censors in Cairo allow only fragments of information abroad, even the skimpy dispatches make it clear that Papandreou's courtmartial of members of the Greek armed forces is a farce of the first order. These men were recently arrested for taking part in a so-called mutiny in protest against the failure of the government-in-exile to broaden and democratize itself. The trials have been conducted in camera; no minutes of the proceedings are available to correspondents, and the whole case has the sorry character of an attempt to besmirch the EAM—the Greek Liberation Committee—and its army, the ELAS. As we write, three of those who were on trial have been condemned to death and seven others to prison sentences ranging from five years to life. The shocking irony is that these people were among the strongest proponents for a unified government, which Papandreou insists he also wants.

The trials, of course, are indicative of a schism which the prime minister is apparently unwilling to mend. For example, Papandreou has charged that the EAM refuses to enter the new government. The reverse is true. It was the EAM that pressed for a democratic, representative regime and it is obvious that it will not accept responsible posts in a cabinet that has yet to cleanse itself of reactionary figures and trappings. The impasse is giving London considerable heartburn, for while London is in part responsible for the present mess by defending the king against all his critics, it is now seemingly willing to lend its support to an overhauled government in which the EAM plays the part it deserves. The Yugoslav experience is teaching Whitehall that progress in war is hardly compatible with private prejudices. Several members of the Houses of Commons and Lords have already protested the unjust sentences meted out to those who stood trial; they demand that these sentences be rescinded. It would be to equal profit if Papandreou were told officially that he had better stop his dangerous monkey-business and begin the job of organizing a genuine national unity government forthwith.

Putsch in Uruguay?

A SITUATION far more serious than anything we have yet faced is brewing in South America. There is grave danger that Argentina is preparing to seize Uruguay—politically—using force or the threat of force to back a putsch by the Uruguayan fascists, the Herreristas. Contacts between Buenos Aires and the *Integralistas* of Brazil are also being strengthened. Fifty members of the *Integralistas* are now said to be visiting the Argentine capital.

The reports, coming largely through the excellent services of *Allied Labor News*, present an alarming picture of Argentine military activity. Army effectives are being trebled, the soldiers are being told that Uruguay is nurturing plans of conquest, supplies are being requisitioned, landing boats are being turned out of the shipyards in large quantities. Argentine President Edelmiro Farrell is now visiting the Province of Entre Rios, which flanks the entire west coats of Uruguay, and the Uruguayan army has dispatched a military mission to a town close to their side of the border.

Under such circumstances the recall of the United States Ambassador, and the conferences between Mr. Hull and the representatives of several Latin American countries are seen as verifying the seriousness of the Argentinian situation.

Overseas News Agency has added a valuable document to the picture. It has released a memorandum to officers of the Argentine army dated May 3, 1943, a

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month, that is, before the fascist coup a year ago. It says in part: "In South America, it is our mission to make the leadership of Argentina not only possible but undisputable. Once we have won power, it will be necessary to arm ourselves constantly. Hitler's fight in peace and war will guide us. Alliance will be the next step. Paraguay is already with us. We will get Bolivia and Chile. Then it will be easy to exert pressure on Uruguay. These five nations will attract Brazil. . . . Following the German example, we will inculcate the masses with the necessary spirit by controlling the press, movies, radio, books, and education, and with the collaboration of the Church. Long live Argentina!"

The Argentine fascists have gone a long way since May of 1943. Paraguay is theirs. Moreover, their pressure upon Chile has been enough to win diplomatic recognition. Now they're working on Uruguay and Brazil. And they have followed "the German example" to the last detail.

Patchwork diplomacy, the policy of expediency—these are wholly inadequate to the occasion. Nothing short of a rapid and vigorous extension and deepening of the Good Neighbor Policy can possibly cope with a situation so alarming. Mr. Hull, we hope, will develop rapidly the policy on which he has embarked.

Recognition of Bolivia

THE important things about the recognition of the Villaroel government of Bolivia are first, that it was done in consultation and agreement with all the other pro-United Nations countries of the hemisphere; second, that it substantiates rather than denies the wisdom of Secretary of State Hull's original withholding of recognition, and third, that it in no way involves or implies a changed policy toward the fascists in Argentina.

Some weeks ago NEW MASSES anticipated the new diplomatic development by pointing out that recognition of the regime in Bolivia at this time was actually a continuation of the six-month-policy of non-recognition. The latter, and at that time correct policy, was based upon convincing evidence that the coup which had ousted President Peneranda had been inspired and directly aided by the dangerous Buenos Aires group acting on behalf of Hitler. Officially the position was that "recognition of the new Bolivian regime would not be in the interest of the security of the hemisphere and the success of the Allied cause."

The United States at that time was one of nineteen American nations denying recognition. What has happened since to alter the situation? As in the official statement accompanying recognition, a number of objectives have been served by the policy of aloofness. The Movimiento Nacional Revolucionario, the fascist organization within Bolivia responsible for the coup, has been discredited; a large number of known Nazi sympathizers have been forced out of the government; production of vital war materials for the United Nations has been supported against the attempted bribes of the Axis and Argentina; Axis properties have been expropriated, and eighty-one Axis agents have been arrested and deported to concentration camps under United

"Fly, Red Eagle, Fly . . ."

THE secret radio station of the Austrian Liberation Front "Sender Oesterreich" broadcast on April 28 the following report to the people of Austria and the Austrians in Hitler's Wehrmacht:

"On the southern coast of the Crimean Peninsula in Russia, the whole fourth battalion of the Second Mountain Division surrendered to the Red Army. This battalion was composed mostly of men from the Austrian provinces of Salzburg, Styria, Tyrol, and Vorarlberg. The Austrians of the Second Mountain Division have acted rightly and honorably. Follow their example." A few days later, the same radio station carried a report on numerous desertions of Tyrolese and Salzburg recruits from the replacement center of the Second Division.

In May the underground press of Austria reported intensive Gestapo activities in the Tyrol, Salzburg, and Styria. Whole villages and towns were searched in an effort to root out the "informers, helpers, and agents of the secret guerrilla and sabotage organization Red Eagle." The red eagle is the old emblem of the Tyrol. Under the banner of the red eagle, Tyrolese peasants rose in 1809 and battled armies of Napoleon and his ally, the Prince of Bavaria. One of the old battle songs of the Tyrolese peasants is again being sung today: "Fly, Red Eagle, Fly. . . ."

The Red Eagle guerrilla organization operates in the Tyrol and in some of the adjacent areas of Vorarlberg, Salzburg, and Styria from whence come the soldiers of the fourth battalion of the Second Mountain Division. The Red Eagle is divided into small groups, sometimes only three men. Many of them are sharpshooters. The Tyrol has always been famous for her riflemen; the old Austro-Hungarian army had special regiments—the so-called Edelweiss units—composed of Tyrolese whose shooting scores were unequalled. The Red Eagle has its own widely distributed underground paper. A special feature of this paper is a column listing all those Nazis who try to disguise themselves or try to build up alibis for the day of reckoning. Quislings and traitors are also listed. Another column reports on punishments dealt out to Austrian Nazis, SS men, Gestapo agents, etc.

When after a raid a number of Allied bomber crews were forced to bail out, many of them were hidden by Austrian anti-Nazis. Red Eagle men ferried most of them safely to territory held by the Yugoslav Army of Liberation under Marshal Tito with whom the Red Eagle detachments are in constant contact. The Nazis have recently been forced to organize special SS-rescue and protection squads to protect their followers in guerrilla-infested Tyrolese territories, as well as those evacuated from bombed areas in western and northern Germany and brought to Austria. A number of such evacuation centers have been removed from Tyrolese and Salzburg territory because of constant threats and very efficient sabotage by guerrilla units.

The Committee of Austrian Soldiers, a unit of the Austrian Liberation Front, issued in May a report on the Red Eagle's successful actions. The committee added instruction on how to desert from Hitler's army and told of successful desertions: "Six soldiers of a patrol sent out to guard a road in the Karawanken Mountains, which separates Yugoslavia from the Austrian province of Carinthia, feigned death as a result of a snow avalanche and then went over to the Yugoslav partisans. There is plenty opportunity on patrol duty to disappear in a similar way and to thwart immediate pursuit by the Nazis. Austrian comrades in the Hitler army, don't depair. Seek a way out of the Wehrmacht. Go over, surrender to the Allies. Radio men of Austrian birth, pass on the word of the underground fight. Help in spreading the truth. Death to the Nazis. Fly, Red Eagle, Fly! Long live the Austrian Front of Liberation!"

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States jurisdiction. In brief, the Villaroel government, under the pressure of non-recognition, has showed itself willing to cooperate with the war effort of the United Nations.

There can be no other issue in these times. No matter how much Mr. Sumner Welles may rant about extraneous matters which make sense only to himself and, though he perhaps does not know it, to our enemies, we can base our foreign policy upon no other criterion. In the case of Bolivia it is clear that the major problem of the Good Neighbor policy today is the *fascist bloc stemming from Argentina. Last* December it momentarily gained control of Bolivia. Non-recognition may not have shattered that hold but it has indicated that the united pressure of all the other hemisphere nations is more important than the fantastic promises of Hitler's stooges. As Bolivia reaches out in our direction it is clearly in our interest to take hold of the *opportunity to wean her away from the* Argentine bloc. That is why recognition has now been granted and why in our judgment it makes sense.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE INVASION: SECOND PHASE

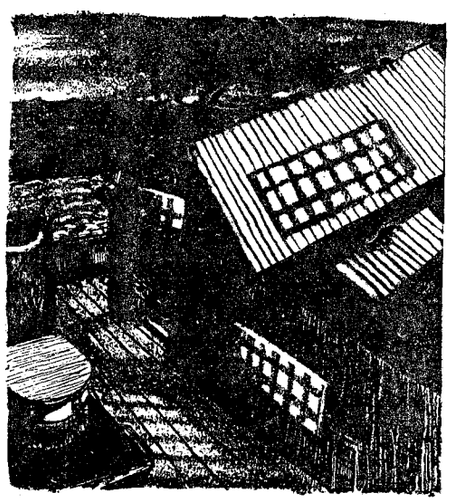
BECAUSE of our national holiday and the attendant readjustment of printing schedules, deadlines, etc., these lines are being written one week ahead of the day of actual publication. This is a severe handicap because nowadays military events outstrip even daily analysts, to say nothing of the poor weekly blokes like myself. Under the circumstances, NEW MASSES suggested I write something in the philosophical vein because philosophy supposedly transcends the ages. However, I shy away from this advice because not so long ago I was told by one of our readers that I was often riding too high a horse and that the horse was high because its feet were off the ground.

In fact, while actual events of great moment will probably happen during the forthcoming week—such as the issue of the battle of the Orne, the Red Army capturing Minsk, the Allied armies making a new landing in western Europe, the Red Army spreading its offensive to new sectors, etc. —there are certain fundamentals in the situation today which will hardly change much, and are worth discussing.

Cherbourg is ours, and reported to be in better condition than was expected, which probably means that our engineers will be able to fix it up sufficiently to handle heavy freight within a very short time. This means that American equipment and American troops will soon be able to pour into France from England, and from America without reloading in England. Our armies in Normandy will be independent of the weather. The weather, by the way, has played a few dirty tricks on our forces and is probably responsible for the fact that we are not yet ready to start on the third lap of our operation, which is a march into the interior of France.

Thus a huge and efficient spigot has been attached to the hose running to France from England and from the production lines of the USA. While this spigot was being attached to the existing line, a new and most important line was being cleared on the Eastern Front. The Red Army captured Petrozavodsk and Kondopoga in Karelia and thus cleared both the Murmansk-Leningrad railroad and the Baltic-White Sea Canal for military traffic. At the same time by toppling the four key fortresses of the German "Fatherland Line" (what a vocabulary!)—Vitebsk, Orsha, Moghilev, and Zhlobin—the Red Army restored the "stem" of the Eastern Front which is formed by the Leningrad-Odessa railroad, broken since early July, 1941. In a few days from now a train with American and British equipment will be able to wind its 2,000-mile course from Murmansk to Odessa.

While the liberation of Cherbourg opens up a line of supply for our troops in Normandy, the opening of the Leningrad-Odessa line means that the Red Army will redouble its ability to maneuver laterally along a straight and efficient railroad line, aside from the fact that this line will further strengthen the supply system of the Red Army. These two facts may not be spectacular from the viewpoint of the layman who loves to see fortresses topple, rivers crossed, etc., but they surely stand out as the great strategic achievements of the week. The "firemen" now have good, solid hoses with the colossal pressure of Detroit, Birmingham, and Sverdlovsk behind them.



In Normandy our beachhead is secure. Of this there is little doubt. But it is still a beachhead, even if it has a great port. In the center, near Carentan, it is quite shallow, for here its depth does not exceed ten miles. The total area of our fighting and deployment space is only about 1,100 square miles. The "frontage" of contact with the enemy, disregarding the small sectors where we still have to fight German leftovers on the La Hague and Barfleur capes, is only about eighty miles.

WE DON'T know how many men we have in Normandy, neither do we know exactly how many the Germans have. Front reports mention "armies," which is a very flexible organizational term. An "army" can include anything from six to twelve divisions. It is a good guess to say that there are about a dozen divisions in combat on each side, with the heaviest concentration in the area of Caen, i.e., on the eastern flank of the beachhead.

Whatever the toll of German dead and prisoners in and around Cherbourg (many of them are "military laborers" of the Todt organization and other work-outfits), it is clear that not more than three or four German divisions have been knocked out there. Thus we see that von Runstedt's strategic reserve of a probable twenty or thirty divisions has not been committed by him yet. There are two principal reasons for this. Firstly, Runstedt is still doubtful as to our intentions. He does not know whether the invasion of the Cotentin Peninsula is destined to be our main blow. He suspects that General Eisenhower has not yet shot all his bolts.

The other reason for Runstedt's failure to show a strong hand so far is this: the

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fighting space in Normandy has been pretty well isolated by our air forces, which have been and still are plastering every bit of rail and road they can lay their bombsights on. Furthermore, the French armies of the underground are doing yeoman service in completing the job the fliers have failed to complete. Thus, despite one of the most dense rail and road networks in Europe leading to the Cotentin Peninsula, von Runstedt does not seem to have been able so far to bring up his reserves in anything but driblets.

However, at this writing there are reports that German troop movements have been observed on a large scale. These troops are heading from the Rhine in a westward direction. It is entirely possible that General Eisenhower is just waiting for such a thing and that he will order a new landing the moment the German reserves are well enmeshed in the semi-crippled network of roads between Paris and Caen.

The British attack in the Caen region is offensive tactically and defensive strategically. The idea is to try and neutralize Caen as a center for the concentration of counterattacking German forces and to establish a solid defense along the west bank of the Orne, between, say, Caen and Conde. This action is extremely important and a fairly large scale tank battle is taking place right now for the heights overlooking the Orne from the west. The British must hold this sector until the American divisions can be rushed back to the eastern flank from Cherbourg.

To make a long story short, we are still in the process of securing our big beachhead—that is, in the second phase of the operation (securing a big port was definitely part of that phase). This is not our offensive yet. We have put our foot in the stirrup, but we have not settled down in the saddle yet. At Caen the British are shooing off somebody who is trying to poke a stick into our "horse's" rump to make him bolt and throw us.

THE situation on the Eastern Front is quite different. I hate to use hackneyed words like "catastrophe" or "disaster," but I am hard put to it to find another word to describe the Germans' situation. In seven days (June 23-29) the Germans have lost 50,000 men killed and 60,000 prisoners (all front line combat troops) in three traps alone—at Vitebsk, Moghilev, and Bobruisk. Twenty-two German divisions have been "accounted for" (twelve completely destroyed and ten more shattered).

While the Russians acquired the Leningrad-Odessa rockade (transversal) railroad, the Germans lost virtually all theirs and can shuttle troops only along the Koenigsberg - Lyck - Belostok - Brest line, which is some 200 miles west of the fighting line—all this because Rokossovski is threatening the five-way junction of Baranovichi. With the Polotsk-Lida line cut by the Red Army, not only is Polotsk in grave danger, but the German northern and central fronts now have but very tenuous communications between themselves.

Minsk is about to be liberated. Baranovichi is in danger. This leaves only Brest-Litovsk and the Bug River covering the main road to Warsaw.

The German armies of the Baltic region —70,000 square miles, bisected by a major obstacle like the Western Dvina—which certainly number no less than fifty divisions, have only one double-track direct line (Pskov - Dvinsk - Vilna - Grodno - Belostok - Warsaw) and one winding single track line (Narva - Riga - Shavli - Tilsit - Koenigsberg) to move out on. Even at that the Red Army is only seventy-five miles from the Dvisnk-Warsaw line. South of the Pripet Marshes Marshals Zhukov and Konev and General Malinovski are ominously poised and silent.

Thus the German high command is faced with two military facts in a two-front war—disaster in the East and danger in the West. (Italy is a distinctly secondary problem for the Germans at present and there the enemy has no choice: he has to retreat, as slowly as possible of course, but retreat he must until he reaches the Alps.) The German high command knows that anything it could spare from the West for the East would be a drop in the bucket of the Eastern debacle. But can it draw from the East to bolster the West? Hardly, unless it decides to retreat as quickly as possible, *not* to the Bug, but to the Vistula, while trying to hold the line of the Nieman and the Nieman-Narev Gap on its left, and the Carpathians on its right. This would shorten the front by about 400 miles, but this in itself, contrary to the popular concept, means little. It would shorten the lines of communications by better than 300 miles, free a lot of service troops guarding them. Above all, it would free the German rear from the terrible threat of Soviet guerrillas.

True, some Polish underground fighters would remain in the German rear, but these are much less of a threat than their Soviet friends, mostly because of the confusion created by the Polish government-in-exile and also because of their lack of Soviet training. The farther the Germans retreat beyond the Bug, the safer their rear will be. Thus a retreat to the Vistula, coupled with the abandonment of the Baltic and Finland for the sake of scraping together a score of divisions to dispatch against us in the West, would seem indicated. And this seems to mean that another landing on our part is more than indicated.

AROUND THE WORLD

HELSINKI RECORD

And now what will the dear friends of honest, independent little Finland have to say? We do not believe that these spiritual compatriots of Helsinki will be deterred in the least from fresh proclamations of their loyalty even though we have broken off relations with the Finnish government after it took the overt step of tying itself to the broken-down Nazi chariot. Risto Ryti, Finland's president, knows well that all is not lost if here in the US Republican leaders will arise on the House and Senate floors to condemn Mr. Roosevelt for his unwillingness to sell the Allies down the river in return for some Finnish marks. But to the country as a whole, even to those who had doubts, the spectacle of German troops marching through Helsinki's streets to Nazi tunes, and the agreement to issue joint military communiques, are the last pieces of evidence of the Finnish government's fascist marriage to Berlin.

The final act has now been played. The so-called independent war which Finland's rulers claimed they were waging turns out to be the myth it always was. And now that that myth can no longer be propagated by Hjalmar Procope from Washington it has become the special property of Social Democrats in this country and of one of its leading writers and expert anti-Sovieteers, William Henry Chamberlin. Writing in Eugene Lyons' "American Mercury" for July, Chamberlin says that "there is no alliance between Germany and Finland. . . . The Finnish government is a free agent, not a Nazi stooge regime. . . . The German troops in Finland . . . are in northern Finland, in what is, to all intents and purposes, a separate front." The news of the past week adds this enormous falsehood to the Chamberlin collec-

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tion. But even if the Germans had not come to southern Finland with the blessings of Helsinki, there is additional overwhelming evidence of its participation in Nazi plans months before the present war broke out. In an article in the June issue of "Harper's," Erwin Lessner, an Austrian who fought on the side of the Finns in the '39-'40 war, tells how in March of the latter year Mannerheim endorsed an alliance with the Nazis for a new attack on the USSR. The first Wehrmacht detachments landed in Finland in May 1940, and a German air base was constructed at Petsamo to be used in bombarding Allied convoys on their way to Murmansk. By June of 1941 there were at least seven German divisions in Finland prepared to attack the Soviet Union when Hitler gave the signal.

This is honest, independent little Finland—the Finland which, as Mr. Simonov, a Soviet writer and war correspondent, relates below, was strengthening its Karelian fortifications at the very moment when Paasikivi, the Finnish representative, was in Moscow to negotiate an armistice. And now, according to the dispatches, Vaino Tanner's Social Democrats have left the cabinet. Whether these reports are true or not, and they do not in the least exculpate the Social Democrats if they are true, Finland will be neither free nor independent until every vestige of pro-Germanism is eradicated. Not even the New York "Times" and its special Finnish idolatress, Anne O'Hare McCormick, will now be able to pull the wool over people's eyes—not after the joyous announcement by the German DNB agency that last week's conversations between Ryti and Ribbentrop "were imbued by a spirit of comradeship in arms between the two nations."—The Editors.

THE enemy invariably invokes hatred. This is natural and just; but the strength of this hatred is not always uniform since in addition to its general causes there are sometimes personal reasons which can increase it to an infinite degree.

Here on the Leningrad Front, and in the city itself, hatred for the Finns knows no bounds. This is easy to understand when you consider the role played by the Finns in all that has taken place in and around Leningrad these last two and one-half years. If for one moment you allow that Hitler's Finnish satellites might not have followed so servilely and cynically in their German masters' footsteps and attacked us, then the Leningrad blockade would not have succeeded in the form the Germans conducted it. Leningrad would have been in touch with the North, with Murmansk and with the whole country. The deprivations its citizens endured would never have reached the pitch they did. Hunger would not have taken a toll of so many lives. In short, one of the cruelest and most terrible pages in the annals of military history would not have been written.

This must never be forgotten. And nobody here forgets it. Nothing here—neither the innumerable trenches carefully fortified for three years, nor the dozens of rows of barbed wire, nor the granite pyramids and pillboxes, nor the thing that is hardest of all—fear of death which, say what you will, lives in even the most seasoned soldier—nothing can check the people whose hatred is violent and of long standing. Long have they awaited the day and the hour of retribution. For what? For the women and children of Leningrad who were killed, for the mothers and sisters who died of hunger, for maimed relatives and friends, and for the beautiful city with gaping wounds inflicted by shellings and bombings.

Our men have bided their time and then gone forward with determination and speed.

The Finns have expended much labor endeavoring to check us at the first line of fortifications. The first defense line extends several kilometers; a solid wire stretched on stakes alternated with wire twisted in the German type. Trenches are everywhere, lined with timber and well-camouflaged. Every elevation, even the most insignificant, has its bunker. Minefields and fortifications are endless. Mines are everywhere, everything is prepared for a prolonged defense.

To give the Finns their due, they showed great perseverance in their preparations for our storming, which they expected as a criminal expects the inevitable punishment for the murder he has committed. They prepared doggedly, and intended to put up stiff resistance. And if this did not bring the results they wanted, the credit is due to the stubbornness of the Russian soldiers and officers who also prepared in their turn for the storming—prepared with the doggedness, caution, and patience born of their ineradicable hatred of the Finnish murderers. I use the word murderers intentionally, because I do not want to give the name soldiers to those who starved the women and children of Leningrad.

BEYOND the first belt of the Finnish fortifications the woods begin. There are numerous lakes with narrow, woody defiles between them. Here the groves are so dense that it is difficult for a man to pass through them. Through these woods the surviving defenders of the first Finnish line escaped. They did not retreat, but ran from the first to the second line. There were very few left to run. Most of them had perished or surrendered at the first line.

Despite the system of fortifications extending to a great depth, the thorough preparations for the storming and the impetus of the thrust did the work. Contrary to all canons of military statistics, we on the offensive suffered considerably fewer losses than the Finns on the defensive.

Narrow woodland paths run for twenty to thirty kilometers through groves from the first belt of fortifications to the second, which our troops are taking and storming now. It has been broken through in one sector. Here and there along the roads lie wrecked Finnish guns and German Whippet tanks with black swastikas.

Stiff fighting is going on in the second belt of fortifications. Recently I happened to be in a sector in the vicinity of Kivennappa village. It was taken at a single thrust by our units, who broke through the Finnish defense with a terrific blow after a twenty-four hours' march through the woods behind the retreating enemy.

I would like to describe the sight I saw when I climbed the dominating height. The Finns were disposed on three heights; in addition there were fortifications of the field type, seven "millionaire" pillboxes, each of which was supposed to have three guns, six machine guns and a garrison of several score men. The pillboxes were gigantic affairs with concrete walls of tremendous thickness.

This line was constructed with great speed, and it is interesting to note that judging by the accounts of war prisoners, its beginning coincided with the days when the Finnish representatives in Sweden first raised the question of opening peace negotiations with us. We well know the measure of Finnish cunning and Finnish cruelty, and we need no further proof. The day that Paasikivi flew to Moscow to open peace negotiations, Mannerheim flew to Kivennappa to inspect the line of pillboxes. Ignatyev's soldiers and officers, who were among the first to break through to these unfinished forts, have their own sound soldierly understanding and estimation of all the postponements the Finnish government strived for in these negotiations. "They are crooks!" the soldiers exclaim, adding a few appropriate expressions which, though graphic, I hesitate to reproduce in print.

We spent a good deal of time on the regimental observation post near the pillbox. The elevation dominated the district; we could see the grey tops of the pillboxes that the Finns had built not long ago, and the endless lines of trenches where Finns could be seen floundering through the smoke under our shelling. The entire battle panorama of that fortified zone among the woods, rocks and boulders was visible. Our men truly realize that much heavy fighting lies ahead for them, and that there is no taking everything in our stride here. The Finns understand that nothing will be forgotten and nothing will be forgiven. They are throwing everything they possibly can into this and they will continue to do so.

KONSTANTIN SIMONOV.

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RECENT BOOKS

History With Meaning

THE STRUGGLE FOR AMERICAN FREEDOM: THE FIRST TWO HUNDRED YEARS, *by Herbert M. Morais. International Publishers. $2.25.*

IN THE preface to this eagerly awaited volume the author sets down three objectives: (1) "to relate the salient political, social, and cultural facts of American history to material forces at play"; (2) "to give the reader an understanding of how democracy was built in this country, of the battles, often bloody, that were fought on its behalf," and (3) "to show how the struggle for freedom in America was connected with that in Europe." A study of American history which would accomplish but one of these purposes would occupy a prominent place in the gallery of distinguished historiography. The fact that Dr. Morais has been able to achieve all three of his objectives makes this the finest one-volume study in print of the period in our history from the founding of Jamestown to the election of Jefferson to the presidency.

Here is the type of historical writing we have been waiting for. A scholar, equipped with the finest technical training and a thorough acquaintance with primary and secondary sources, brings to the writing of American history a deep love of the common people and a rich understanding of the interplay of political, social, cultural, and material forces. The result is a volume which presents penetrating analyses based upon a wealth of factual matter. It is significant too that never once throughout this volume does the reader feel that the facts are simply a series of unconnected and meaningless happenings. For the factual material serves at every point to give a clearer understanding of the struggle for American democracy during the first two hundred years of our history. Here in short is a book which presents facts so meaningfully that no reader—college freshmen included—will ever forget them.

Owing to the survey-like character of his study, Dr. Morais has not been able to dwell at great length on many phases of early American history. Consequently a specialist may not find too much that is unfamiliar. But he will quickly see that what has been discussed is based on the most meticulous research. Within the scope of a few pages, the author often presents the results of intensive analysis of scores of monographs, doctoral dissertations, and articles in learned journals. Yet he manages at all times to relate his story so simply and clearly that not once is the reader burdened by the details. There are many writers of history who would do well to read this book just to discover how to present the results of careful research in an interesting manner.

It is in his emphasis on the organizations and activities of the common people that Dr. Morais makes his most original contribution. His discussion of the role of the Sons of Liberty during the era of the American Revolution is by far the best analysis available of these popular societies. Behind the resolutions and petitions drawn up by the colonists against British repressive measures, behind the nonexportation and nonconsumption agreements made during the Revolutionary upsurge, behind the mass demonstrations and pitched battles, stood the mechanics, artisans, and day laborers of the commercial towns led by the Sons of Liberty. "The mob"—as so many historians have contemptuously alluded to the Liberty Boys—becomes in Dr. Morais' stimulating account the driving force in the Revolutionary battle against tyranny at home and abroad.

"The artisan groups [he writes] operating as an independent political force in the interests of broader democracy, strove for an equal share in the formulation of government policies. Forming with the farmers the Left or bourgeois-democratic wing of the Revolution, they fought both recalcitrant British officials and timid colonial merchants. They relied on direct action, and 'victory' meant to them the establishment in America of a government that would take care of the interests of the people at large."

Equally important is the discussion of the Democratic-Republican Societies of the 1790's. Dr. Morais completely disproves the assertions of Federalist historians that these organizations were imported from abroad and subsidized by "Paris gold." "On the contrary," he writes, "the clubs were indigenous to the American soil, a recrudescence of the organized spirit of the Sons of Liberty. They resembled these earlier bodies in advocating the use of force to preserve the rights and liberties of the people, in establishing committees of correspondence to insure unity of action, and in using Liberty Poles to symbolize the struggle for freedom."

In like manner the author takes issue with those historians who have attributed the rise of American capitalism to policies initiated by Alexander Hamilton. The facts, he correctly points out, are otherwise. "Hamilton's opposition to a liberal land policy," he observes, "was inimical to the growth of a capitalistic economy. His insistence upon the distribution of land in large tracts was calculated to retard the westward migration of small farmers, the very movement which was destined to be an important factor in developing a large market for manufactured articles. American industrial capital would thus have been deprived of future customers as well as of cheap raw materials and foodstuffs."

In his understandable zeal to revise long-accepted conceptions of American history resulting from the influence of conservative historians, Dr. Morais sometimes loses his balance. Thus he correctly indicates that the customary version of the so-called "Critical Period" during the Articles of Confederation as an era of economic chaos and political anarchy is in need of revision. At the same time he asserts that it was an era of economic growth rather than stagnation, and cites a few examples to prove his thesis. Some pages later, however, he points out that the Constitution "made possible the speedier development of capitalist enterprise by creating a government strong enough to foster the growth of a national market."

This is true. But the reason why the growth of a national market was not possible during the era of the Articles of Confederation is scarcely touched upon, probably because it would reveal how exaggerated is the assertion that this was an era of economic growth. Unfortunately, the failure to indicate these points weakens the entire discussion of the Constitution as an

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advance over the Articles of Confederation.

The Struggle for American Freedom deserves the widest possible circulation. It is American history as it should be written, and it ought to be used as it was intended by the author—as a great weapon to further the cause of democracy. It is to be hoped that it will stimulate hundreds of young scholars to write of our past in as stirring and meaningful a manner. It is also to be hoped that Dr. Morais will continue his story of the struggle for American freedom in subsequent volumes.

PHILIP S. FONER.

Fall of France

TRIUMPH OF TREASON, *by Pierre Cot. Ziff-Davis. $3.50.*

FOUR years ago France, "softened up" from within, was overrun by the Nazi armies. Her swift collapse came as a shock to millions throughout the world who had been persuaded that the French army was the strongest land force in Europe. Today, with the resurgence of France and the rekindled fighting spirit of her people, we look back on those somber days and realize how far we have come from the disintegration and *debandade* of June 1940.

Why did France fall? What were the political, social, economic, military, and intellectual reasons for her defeat? Scores of volumes have been written on this theme —some mere collections of political chitchat or outpourings of personal prejudices, others frank and worthy efforts to arrive at the truth. Pierre Cot's book occupies a distinguished place in this last-named category. His volume is not easy reading. It shuns facile effects and glittering paradoxes. At times, it is legalistic and labored. But it is a serious and thoroughly documented book; and it has an eloquence born of the author's sincere convictions and abiding faith in the French people. It is undoubtedly one of the best and most comprehensive accounts of the fall of France yet written.

In the years preceding the Munich betrayal, Pierre Cot was one of the outstanding representatives of the French Popular Front. He was a Radical-Socialist who took the Popular Front seriously and considered himself an heir of the Jacobin tradition in French politics. As Minister in several Popular Front Cabinets, he advocated a foreign policy based on collective security. He knew that in the face of a rearming, aggressive Nazi Germany, possessing almost twice the human and material resources of France, his country needed allies in Europe. Hence he sought closer ties with Soviet Russia and pleaded for aid to Republican Spain. Inevitably he became the target and *bete noire* of every French reactionary and fascist. There were no limits to the scurrilous lies and calumnies to which the fascists resorted in their efforts to discredit him. This fact must be borne in mind when reading the chapters of his book in which he defends his political activities.

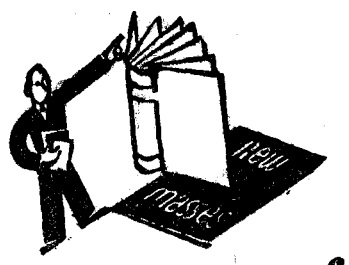
As a matter of fact, there is material for more than one book in Cot's work. It is at once a closely reasoned defense of the Popular Front in pre-1939 France; a detailed analysis of the Riom trials of 1942 at which the accused, Daladier and Blum, became the accusers of the men of Vichy; a scathing indictment of French fascism, and finally, a searching inquiry into the reasons for France's military defeat. As Cot writes: "Fascism was responsible for the moral and political defeat of France, and Petain and Weygand, representatives of fascism in the French army, were the men chiefly guilty for the ineffective military preparation and the poor employment of the forces."

One theme recurs throughout the book: the struggle between the "two France's." In his words: "The conflict between the *ancien regime* and the Revolution has not ended; the Vichy government is the actual expression of the *ancien regime;* and the Popular Front a modern version of the French Revolution." In developing this thesis of the "two France's constantly at war," however, Cot displays a doctrinaire rigidity that weakens his comments on the contemporary French situation. This is especially true of his final chapters dealing with the French resistance movement and the role of General de Gaulle. Still under the spell of Popular Front ideology, Cot fails to realize that there is now a *national front* of resistance, in which Frenchmen of the Right and the Left have joined in a common struggle. This leads him to disparage somewhat concepts of patriotism and nationalism which, in their present context in France, are both valid and necessary; and it causes him to develop a theory of the "dictatorship of the majority," inspired by Robespierre, which does not apply in present-day French conditions.

But despite these doctrinaire weaknesses, the book is a positive and extremely valuable contribution. Since its publication, Cot has been acting in Algiers as a member of the Consultative Assembly, where he has had occasion to have intimate contact with representatives of the French underground; and he has lately been sent on an official mission to the USSR. As a result of these recent experiences, it is possible that he has learned to revise or broaden some of his conceptions.

France will soon be liberated. In the France of tomorrow Cot will undoubtedly join with Frenchmen of all classes to build a democratic and forward-looking republic, "a France of the people, ready to take her place in the family of free nations."

J. B. DAVIDSON.



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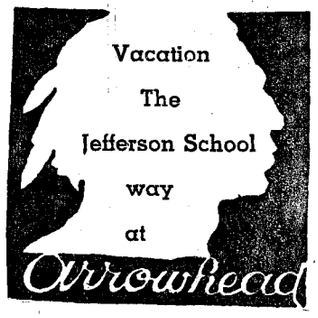

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Who Shall Conquer?

TRANSIT, *by Anna Seghers. Little, Brown. $2.50.*

IN *Transit* Anna Seghers has given us a book which takes root in your memory, growing in retrospect as you return to search out fresh meaning in its massive canvas. In effect this novel resembles a Rembrandt painting: its dark background formed by the historic port on the Mediterranean which once gave France her stirring Marseillaise but which under Vichy treason became degraded into a last resort of the doomed, "a tiny spigot through which the world flood of Europe's fleeing thousands sought to pour." The shaft of light, austere and penetrating, which Seghers throws across her canvas focuses on a German refugee named Seidler, a man in transit. We live with him through his travail of rebirth. After arranging, with some risk and labor on his part, for his escape to Mexico, he decides at the last moment to forfeit his ticket, see another man leave on the ship with the woman he loves. Seidler remains among the people of betrayed France to work as a peasant on the soil—and await his hour and means of striking back. How he comes to this decision, and why, forms the substance of the novel.

The author chooses to let Seidler tell his own story, probably because of the greater intimacy which this form allows. The reader may identify himself more completely with Seidler and his subtle shifts of mood and drive, his inner conflict and gradual transformation. The use of a first person narrative imposes certain limitations: the author has to allow Seidler to ramble, make distracting asides and psychological excursions, typical of a man in his state of flux. This slows down the action and suspense of the book. Another difficulty of the first person technique is that every character must be seen not through the author's eyes but through Seidler's. Since he is a person still in process of finding himself, a man who boasts he has never read a book through, Seidler's understanding of those around him is based on little more than his instinctive good sense and practical experience: we are cheated of the fuller, more mature insight which the author would bring us, if the narrative were given in the third person.

Seidler as a person is very real: you can almost see him, now, among his French comrades of the underground or perhaps even returned to Germany, joyful, ready for his hour that has come to strike back. Seidler is flesh and blood. All other characters in *Transit* seem fragmentary. In particular the girl seems a shallow creature, drifting, mysterious—a part of the depressing shadow of Marseille, almost a product of Seidler's imagination. She is more a symbol than a human being, almost an author's device to test Seidler's new found purpose. You never quite believe in Seidler's love

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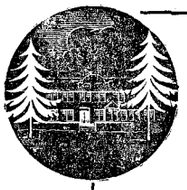

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Louis Pasternak, Mgr.

for her; he knows her too sketchily. She calls out nothing in him that is compelling on any level of his being—so to give her up is not too hard. Perhaps that is how Anna Seghers intended you to feel. For this contemplative searching novel is of quite another mood and period than her *Seventh Cross*.

It is inevitable, I suppose, for readers of so great a book as *The Seventh Cross* to come to *Transit* with certain expectations—and feel let down because the second novel lacks its dramatic action and mounting suspense. This is unfair. To compare an author's books can be as unrewarding a folly as comparing one's friends or the thumb and forefinger of your hand. Each one grows as it must. To expect Anna Seghers to repeat in *Transit* what she did in *The Seventh Cross* is like demanding of a mother that all her children be alike. Books don't grow that way, not real ones.

There is one fundamental respect, however, in which Seghers' two novels bear a striking resemblance—in the central problem they pose and answer: who shall conquer, man or his fascist would-be destroyer? In both works we see the masterly hand of an artist and philosopher who knows people and can reveal them in crisis in a way that renews belief in the essential goodness and brotherhood of humankind.

MYRA PAGE.

With Vision

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, *by Kumar Goshal. Sheridan House. $3.*

HERE is a book Americans interested in Indian affairs have long been waiting for. Throughout its pages the people of India are indelibly identified with a rapidly changing world and all the movements for global stability. Few writers would venture on the task which Goshal undertook—to reach back five thousand years into Indian history, pick up the threads of Indian economic, political, and social life and weave them into a clear pattern comprehensible to the average reader and useful to the serious student.

In presenting each transitional period of Indian development from the civilization of Mohenjo-Daro to the present day, Goshal has painted a lively canvas against the historical background of Indian economy. It portrays the India of centuries back as a great commercial center to which traders from Asia and the Middle East came to buy manufactured goods, as well as the spice, gems, and other riches of the east. There are few historians who have identified India as a trading nation, but Goshal does that through an excellent marshalling of the evidence. For example, few Americans know of the 40,000 vessels which engaged in Indian commerce and that India was second to none in oceanic

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The caste system is dealt with particularly in its relation to the old economy of India and it is made clear how that system has perpetuated itself because the British government has never attempted to institute a new economic system. Mr. Goshal tells how British policy towards India was in the beginning determined by Britain's own rising industrial strength which could be maintained only by using India as the source of raw materials. This policy, as Goshal so clearly demonstrates, is responsible for the stubbornness of Britain's imperialists in not giving India a more fluid and modern economic establishment. And Goshal also shows how this policy is responsible for India's many struggles for a place of honor among the nations.

Mr. Goshal indicates with vision and understanding the historical forces which create change and especially is he conscious of those forces in India. He admits that although Ghandi's non-violent resistance is a powerful means of agitation, it has nevertheless proven itself inadequate in bringing any fundamental changes on the sub-continent. India's future as Goshal sees it is one in which the mistakes of the past must not be repeated. While some Indians may differ with him strongly on several matters, Goshal is undeniably right and performs a great duty to his people when he tells his readers as well as Indians that India cannot succeed by herself or play her historical role by drifting from non-cooperation with the British to non-cooperation with the world. In his perspective for the future Goshal does not prophesy that the millennium will suddenly come, but with historical insight he shows what new powerful forces are at work in the world and how they will undoubtedly have their impact on India. He sees that the progressive steps being taken by India's noblest sons and daughters are a part of the forward movement in Britain and America to establish an order based on cooperation and equality of opportunity for all.

The People of India is not without shortcomings, but what author could have packed five thousands years of history into one book without an eyebrow being raised by the reader? Mr. Goshal has done all of us a genuine service and his book is a vigorous and clear presentation of one of the world's major problems. It helps bridge the gulf between India and the West and for Americans it is invaluable in understanding what makes India tick and why.

R. LAL SINGH.

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RECENT FILMS

By JAMES McCLOUGH

All four films under discussion in this week's film column are good audience investments, all things considered. No outright smash in the lot—*People's Avengers, Days of Glory, The Mask of Dimitrios, Forty-Eight Hours*—but very creditable merchandise.

People's Avengers, a Soviet film photographed behind enemy lines by seventeen cameramen at the direction of Vassily Byelaev, with commentary written and spoken by Norman Corwin, is an able—if somewhat over-methodical—reconstruction of the routines and heroisms of the Russian partisan movement. *People's Avengers* will go a long way toward filling out your knowledge of this particular phase of the anti-fascist war. Great pains have been expended to ensure accuracy of detail and of event. Undoubtedly in the majority of sequences reconstructed the players repeat the very roles they filled in reality. Unfortunately for the film's complete success, however, there is an emotional flatness, a seldom relieved greyness about the proceedings, difficult to reconcile with the subject's tremendous urgencies. How this came to pass I am hard put to it to say. Perhaps one of the difficulties lay precisely in the fact that the actual guerrillas concerned were chosen to replay their parts. This would seem highly desirable, and under the circumstances unavoidable, but in this film, at least, the players experience considerable difficulty in imitating their own deeds with convincingness before the camera lens.

Peculiarly enough, with all its kowtowing to what it thinks is box-office, RKO's *Day of Glory*, produced and written by Casey Robinson, directed by Jacques Tourneur, makes a more absorbing job of the very subject that concerns *People's Avengers*—the partisan armies of retribution. This, in spite of a mess of obstacles to complete enjoyment such as might discourage less hardy and discerning movie-goers than I assume our readers to be. Among drawbacks can be mentioned the admitted fact that RKO and Casey Robinson have all along regarded *Days of Glory* primarily as a vehicle for two new cinema personages—Gregory Peck and Tamara Toumanova. No horrendous crime, on their part, it's true, save that this over-concern with boosting these stars into popularity has been responsible for some of the film's less credible moments. You may add to this the circumstance that Miss Toumanova still has slight difficulty with English phonetics. There is also present some misreading of the Russian mind and motivations, as witness the following: Toumanova, Moscow ballerina, who after performing at the front is stranded behind the lines by a sudden German advance, deplores the ferocity of Gregory Peck, the partisan leader. His explanation, and it must be said that he condones her disapproval, is to the effect that he with his own hands helped destroy the Dneiper Dam, "and when you destroy something you love, you learn to love to destroy." This, we submit, is neither good ballerina, partisan or epigram. Another instance of bad ballerina is Toumanova's declaration of love: "I am yours and there has never been anyone else and you can do with me what you will."

Obviously, this sort of thing doesn't go down at all. Yet it would be rank unfairness to *Days of Glory* to give the impression that the above mentioned blunderings are characteristic of the entire film. Perhaps they stand out in the mind of the reviewer because they *were* exceptions. In general the content of the picture is on the enlightened side. One sequence that is particularly noteworthy for its understanding and good filmic facture is the hanging of the young guerrilla Mitya. Glenn Vernon turns in a good performance. The capable photography of Tony Gaudio, one of Hollywood's best filmers, the production designs of Mordekai Gorelick, and Tourneur's direction deserve special commendation. I'd rank the film third in the series of "Russian" films from Hollywood studios—after *North Star* and *Song of Russia*, followed by *Three Girls from Leningrad* and *Boy From Stalingrad*.

"Forty-Eight Hours" (English film, directed by Cavalcanti) and Warner Brothers' *The Mask of Dimitrios* (screen play by Frank Gruber, directed by Jean Negulesco) share one circumstance in common. The films' originals are by two outstanding vendors of the spy-melodrama in the English language—*Forty-Eight Hours*, authored by Graham Greene, and *The Mask*, by Eric Ambler (*Coffin for Dimitrios.*) It should be said at once, however, that the English studio in question has dealt far more adroitly with their script than did Warner's. After you've swallowed the initial improbability of *Forty-Eight Hours*—namely that an entire detachment of German paratroopers disguised as British soldiers could somehow

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make their way to the village of Bramley, and there take over the town in order to install radio apparatus that would jam the English radar system come the day of invasion by Germany—everything proceeds with great vigor, and shrewdness of effect. The carryings-on are very real indeed. Undoubtedly this is for the most part the result of Cavalcanti's skill, acquired largely in the documentary school. You might say that *Forty-Eight Hours* is a documentary-spy-meller, the second after *Next of Kin*. And if anything, an improvement on it. You'll enjoy it.

I've already implied that *The Mask of Dimitrios* does not enjoy complete success in its transference from the Ambler novel —which was pretty swell. But get this straight at once. The film is a vast step ahead of the wretched melange of posturing and nonsense the Mercury Players produced from the same author's *Journey Into Fear*. Perhaps the next time around they'll hit it off right. Meanwhile, you can mark time with moderate enjoyment while it's at the Strand.

On Broadway

For the sake of clinical identification, let us call her Suzie Q. She is fifteen or sixteen, adorable, exasperating, mercurial in her moods, impatient to be at woman level. She attempts escape from the insecurity of her adolescence and from her inferior position in the family group by a dramatic breakthrough to adult knowledge and experience, the essence of which she believes can be found only in the mysterious and forbidden area of sexual love.

It was F. Hugh Herbert who started her off last year in *Kiss and Tell*, a tolerably amusing comedy. Some time later she popped up in *Wall Flower*. And this week she doubles in *For Keeps* at Henry Miller's Theater and in *Love on Leave* at the Hudson. It may be entertaining to compare these four plays because they have more than Suzie Q in common. I am not implying that the authors of the last three plays owe any more to the first play than possibly the sensible recognition of its profitable ingredients. It would, for instance, be particularly awkward to suggest that F. Hugh Herbert, author of *For Keeps* borrowed a little too flatteringly from *Kiss and Tell:* for who should have a better right to second impressions than the molder of the original cast?

First, Suzie Q's history in *Kiss and Tell*. Because she has committed the indiscretion of selling cut-rate kisses at a Red Cross drive, the family next door considers her a bad example to daughter and forbids their further friendship. However, a younger brother carries messages between the girls and the author uses him for laughs. Suzie has a boyfriend her own age. But impatient to grow up, she makes a great play for a visiting soldier. She pretends to be eighteen and highly sophisticated. But the soldier is very decent. He treats her like a kid sister. Now Suzie suddenly declares herself pregnant, and points accusingly at her ardent admirer. In the third act, the two families are terrifically agitated. But finally Suzie's pretense is exploded and she returns to the respect and love of her family and friends.

In *Wall Flower*, Suzie seeks to burst her adolescent repressions by making violent love to her sister's boyfriend. However, since the wight is decent, she has to get him wall-eyed drunk before she can persuade him to take her to a roadhouse. The tavern is raided and the two are discovered sleeping together. In the third act, their families are terrifically agitated. But finally Suzie confesses that she had married the boy before hauling him into bed—something the boy is joyfully relieved to learn. One additional factor: Suzie's father was about to institute a big campaign against juvenile delinquency—but now finds himself in no position to lead it. At curtain, Suzie has returned to the respect and love of her group.

In *For Keeps*, Suzie is once again unstable, unhappy, desperately eager to grow up. She is the daughter of her father's second wife and has had to bat around the country with her in a most unbalancing fashion. Now mother has dumped her on father's lap for a few weeks. Suzie likes father's fourth wife, but gleaning no indication of permanence in their relationship, seeks equality with the adult world by desperately trying to seduce a young photographer's model who works for her father. She plies the boy with whiskies: he is going, going—but just in the nick of time he discovers that she is not, as she pretended, eighteen years of age. Being very decent, he indignantly leaves her. At the curtain, she finds security of personality in the love of her father and of his present wife.

However close the above patterns seem, it remained for A. B. Shiffrin to really run Suzie through the now familiar outlines. Cast your eye back as you read this. Suzie is fifteen and impatient to grow up. Her father, an authority on the raising of children, is presently writing a series of articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He has forbidden her to have anything to do with a neighbor's daughter whom he considers a bad influence. However, a younger brother of Suzie's friend bears messages between them, doubling as Suzie's boyfriend. Rebelling against restrictions set upon her youthfulness, Suzie visits a sailor in his hotel room and offers herself to him as eighteen and willing. But the sailor is very decent. He treats her like a kid sister and brings her safely home. It is the third act. The family and neighbors have been out searching for her in the hope of saving her from a fate worse

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than death. But Suzie perversely declares that she has been seduced. The agitation is terrific until the lie is proved. Father cannot now, of course, continue with his articles. The curtain comes down on a Suzie restored to the love of her family.

For Keeps, produced and directed by Gilbert Miller, is dull and unprogressive in dramatic development for two of its four scenes. And though it picks up after that, it is false in its conclusion. The author wishes us to believe that his Suzie's problem of adjustment is solved when her father grudgingly invites her to make her home with him. But we have long ago been convinced that the father is incapable of loving anyone but himself and that his latest marital try is bound for the rocks. Though at curtain all the relationships seem arrested in motion, we know it is a momentary illusion. Frank Conroy plays the utterly self-centered father. Patricia Kirkland makes her Broadway debut as his daughter. In spite of many adequate performances the play was too often dull, reminiscent, and finally, unconvincing.

Little more need be said about *Love on Leave*. It is a miserable, vulgar copy of its predecessors, its style and material are utterly at variance, and its curtain closes are about the shabbiest I have seen. It was produced by Charles Stewart and Martin Goodman and staged by Eugene S. Bryden.

A PLEASANT evening in the theater is, however, to be had at the City Center, where a revival of *New Moon* is currently in phase. Jose Ruben has staged this fight-for-freedom operetta vigorously and with beauty. It has comedy, romance, and drama of a high order. Romberg's score brings back many favorites, "One Kiss," "Lover Come Back to Me," and that most rousing of songs, "Stouthearted Men." The singing is good, especially in chorus. Charles Weidman directed the dancing. The settings, decorative and simple, are by Oliver Smith. Since this Romberg-Hammerstein work is the first of the summer's season of operettas projected for revival by the Civic Center, you had better catch it before it is replaced.

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